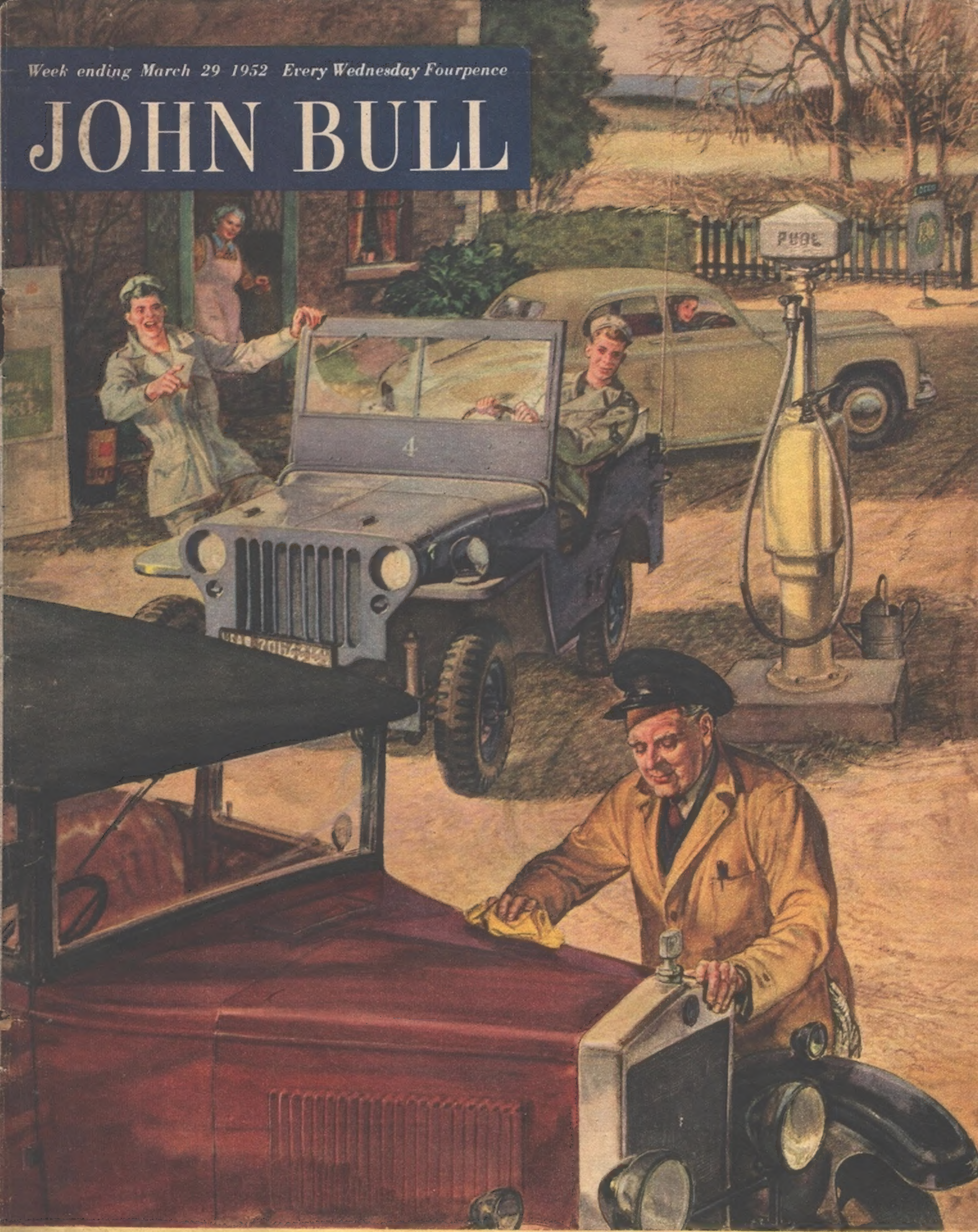
Week ending March 29 1952 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH: I attend my first séance, by Reginald M. Lester

In the Spring, housewives sing

"VIM makes Spring-cleaning go with a SWING!"

WONDERFUL VIM!

It does so *many* spring-cleaning jobs! Right through the house, Vim makes everything really shine — and there's no hard rubbing! You save time — you save money . . . because all you need is some extra Vim.

It's SPRING-CLEANER with VIM!

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Always first class quality

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'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

10 for 1/9½ 20 for 3/7

Be ready for Spring Painting

Remove up to 5 coats of old paint at one go with

ARNOLITE

The amazing NON-FLAM Paint Remover

Before you apply new paint — remove the old. You need no scourer or burner — just ARNOLITE as shown on Television. ARNOLITE mixed with water, removes any kind of oil-bound paint or distemper. It is harmless to woodwork.

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BURNING, TENDERNESS ON SOLES OF FEET

Dr. Scholl's Super-Soft Zino-pads *instantly* lift shoe pressure from tender spot on ball of foot. You have *immediate* walking comfort. Included in all packets, Medicated Disks help remove the callous quickly, safely. Fastest method of relief also for corns, soft corns, bunions. Get Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads in the sizes you need. Get relief today.

1/- and 2/-. Chemists, shoe dealers, stores & Scholl depots everywhere. Size for Corns

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

OPEX *Standard Paint Brush*

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On sale wherever good Brushes are sold

FOR EVERY ROOM AS FRESH AS A DAISY . . .

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PAINT BRUSHES

OPEX BRUSHES LTD., SELLY OAK, BIRMINGHAM, 29

After your Bath

Enjoy the soothing, cooling comfort of an 'all-over' dusting with Cuticura Talcum Powder. This delicately perfumed, mildly medicated, silk-soft powder, so comforting to the most sensitive skin, gives you day-long freshness and fragrance.

Buy a tin to-day!

Cuticura TALCUM

Crooks at the races

ALL IS NOT WELL with racing. Many people are therefore asking—as the flat racing season begins — whether the "government" of this national sport should not be revised.

Autocratic bodies which have no standing in law, but almost absolute power, in practice, over the careers and livelihood of everybody professionally concerned, have for long dominated British sport.

Through this system, which might not work in any other country, our principal sports have been kept astonishingly clean, considering the amount of money that is nowadays often at stake.

There have been occasional troubles, of course, but nobody has seriously challenged the competence of the M.C.C., the Football Association or the Jockey Club to run cricket, soccer or horse-racing.

YET the M.C.C., for example, has little except tradition to enforce its rule. The Marylebone Cricket Club is a mere abstraction, but its membership is a social prize and its writ runs over both county and Test cricket — and their finances.

The Football Association, though more logical in its origins than the M.C.C., is just as autocratic. Its powers are highly necessary in modern professional football.

Without such control, the outside pressure of gambling interests would soon introduce corruption into the game. For gambling inevitably attracts some crooks and parasites whose aim is easy money by any means.

IT is in horse-racing that these crooks at present find their best if not their only scope.

To control them in the public interest is the main function of the Jockey Club—whatever the members of that august body may say about the greater importance of bloodstock breeding.

This terrifically exclusive body draws its members only from the small surviving class of wealthy aristocrats. Its power is wielded by three members called Stewards, who serve for three years, unpaid, and on retiring name their own successors. Nothing could be more undemocratic—but nothing, in the past, has been more successful.

THROUGHOUT the turbulent sport of racing, the Stewards' word is law. They issue the licences without which men may not earn an honest living in the racing game —and they withdraw those licences instantly if suspicion of malpractice hardens towards guilt. Their integrity is unquestioned.

But recently the effectiveness of the Stewards' authority has been shaken by unpleasant events. The gangs who prey on the betting public have started to use modern drugs to "fix" the horses.

HOW far this had gone was revealed only when Lord Rosebery, a racing peer and Jockey Club member, announced that one of his own horses had been doped.

At once there was a flurry of investigation. More cases came to light. Bribery and well-organized schemes to take the gamble out of gambling were disclosed.

Scotland Yard had to be called in—and Scotland Yard, after all, has more important duties than to keep sport clean.

SINCE then the Jockey Club has taken steps to reassert its authority. A force of eighty ex-C.I.D. officers now guards stables. Safeguards have been tightened.

The new season will prove whether or not the Club can do its job without being strengthened at the top. It will show whether the voluntary Stewards, drawn from an ever-dwindling class, can supply enough energy and ability to control the evil forces threatening them.

If not—and unless intolerable demands are to be made on the police—there will be an urgent case for new blood in the Jockey Club and perhaps changes in its ancient constitution.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

BILL MORDEN says that, though his painting is a composite picture, the old car depicted is very real. He came across it in a garage in Shortlands, Kent. American soldiers passing through may refer to it in a ribald but friendly way as an "ash can," but the owner is not perturbed. It still runs smoothly on taxi hire, and every year goes up to the Lake District. He prefers, rightly, to call it a "vintage model."

SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH: I attend my first seance, by Reginald M. Leslie

I'm thrilled with JAPLAC!

IT MADE MY KITCHEN LOVELY
I want everyone to see it now. It's charming!

JAPLAC
4 HOUR LACQUER

The secret is it needs no experience to get an expert finish. Needs no undercoat

It goes over any surface
HEAT RESISTING
Withstands boiling water

COSTS SO LITTLE
½ pint only 4/3

Even a 1'6 Tin does Wonders

Send for colour card, leaflet, etc., to Makers: Colthurst & Harding, Ltd., Bristol.

Easier Housekeeping

First-hand experience will quickly show that an account at the Midland Bank makes housekeeping easier. It avoids the risk of keeping large amounts of cash in the house; enables you to maintain an accurate, up-to-date record of income and expenditure and to enjoy the advantages of being able to give a 'banker's reference'. The Bank provides a prompt and helpful service at all the branches which it has established throughout England and Wales.

MIDLAND BANK
OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU

What a difference an APPETITE makes!

It's a treat to see her enjoy her food! Full of energy and high spirits—you don't have to tell her twice that dinner's ready . . . Regularity is the secret of her bright eyes and rosy cheeks. For Mother knows that 'California Syrup of Figs' is one of the surest ways to end 'stasis' or sluggish bowels which often makes the youngster lose interest in her food.
To keep her child healthy and carefree, Mother naturally chooses this kindly laxative. Containing extracts of both senna and ripe figs, it is gentle yet sure in action. Its pleasant taste has a special appeal to children.
So if 'stasis' is the cause of your youngster being 'out of sorts', remember that 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon restore regularity.

'California Syrup of Figs'
ALSO BRANDED 'CALIFIG' FOR SHORT
The words 'California Syrup of Figs' and 'Califig' are registered trade marks.

Be REGULAR without EFFORT

Here is good news for those who have trouble in keeping their systems 'regular'.

A special laxative—'Mil-Par'* is now on sale which will give them just the help they need. Actually it is a very fine combination of

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'*
with a selected grade of
MEDICINAL PARAFFIN

'Milk of Magnesia' is, of course, unrivalled as a mild antacid-laxative. Together with Medicinal Paraffin it gives just that lubricating action which ensures 'regularity' without effort—so much better than purging. This is why, for instance, it has been found specially good for sufferers from hæmorrhoids.

Be regular with 'Mil-Par'!

'MIL-PAR' REGD.
FOR
EFFORTLESS
REGULARITY

*The words 'Mil-Par' and 'Milk of Magnesia' are the registered trade marks of The Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Company Limited.

Today's finest wrist watch value

You may see a cheaper watch but you'll *never* buy better value with a name you can trust so confidently than this Ingersoll Triumph wrist watch with its neat trim case and sturdy, reliable 5 jewel movement.

Like the popular Triumph pocket watch it carries the famous Ingersoll ALL-IN FREE SERVICE GUARANTEE—which covers you even against accidental breakage.

TRIUMPH WRIST WATCHES FROM 62/6
TRIUMPH POCKET 30/- PLAIN DIAL RADIOLITE 32/6

All British INGERSOLL The RIGHT TIME to Buy!

See these Triumphs at your Ingersoll Jeweller. If he cannot supply, write to
INGERSOLL LIMITED
91 INGERSOLL CORNER, RUISLIP, MIDDX

FREE SPEECH

Going abroad to save holiday money

PROHIBITIVE FARES ON British railways are putting the Scottish Highlands out of reach of many people. Much as I yearn to visit the Highlands, I must forgo them and shall spend my fortnight's holiday as I did last year: I took £20 in travellers' cheques and, going by the cheapest routes, went to Paris, on to Strasbourg and Mulhouse (in the Vosges) and back to Paris. I returned home with £6 to spare.

To go to the Highlands would cost twice as much. British Railways are killing the goose—and it is not only their goose.—MRS. M. HUYS, 80 Warwick Street, Iffley Road, Oxford.

Good And Bad In Bahrain

HARRY HOPKINS'S ARTICLE on Bahrain (JOHN BULL, March 8) was of great interest. I think he would have presented a truer picture of Bahrain if he had published photographs of some

Bahrain street scene—by Hopkins

of the villages. Admittedly, they are off the main road but the tracks to most of them are passable for a car. It is as well to see both the good and the bad.—H. M., Cheshire.

. . . I was stationed in Bahrain in 1945 and attended a dinner party given by His Royal Highness Sir Sulman bin Hamad Al Khalifa. I was seated just opposite the royal party. We sat on the floor and ate with one hand, the royal party passing meat as they pulled it off the carcasses which were placed on dishes up and down the line. It was too bad for us that some of the royal party understood our curses over the difficulty of getting the spiced rice into balls to eat.—J. G. BYLES, 11 Windmill Road, Thame, Oxfordshire.

Clue To Madness Bread

THE ARTICLES BY W. E. Armstrong on the case of the madness bread (JOHN BULL, March 1-8) are further evidence to confirm what I found on a recent visit to Pont-Saint-Esprit. I formed the opinion that the symptoms shown by the sick people there resembled very closely those of poisoning by Indian hemp (or hashish). Mr. Armstrong mentions the patients who were "haunted by hallucinations of more than surrealistic fantasy." Among them were Madame Moulin, aged seventy-two, who kept seeing an immense silver-shod black horse, lashing its fiery, comet-like tail at a limitless sky swarming with bees; and Monique Roux, aged fourteen, who told her mother that she was flying low over enormous, singing and prehensile flowers, which clutched at her dress as she passed. There is an obvious resemblance between these experiences and those described by Theophile Gautier in *Le Club des Hachichins*, in which he writes: "A half hour had scarcely passed when I fell again under the power of the hashish. This time the vision was much more complicated. Thousands of millions of butterflies, with wings rustling like fans, perpetually swarmed in an atmosphere which was faintly luminous. Gigantic flowers with crystal chalices, enormous hollyhocks, lilies of gold and silver, ascended and opened around me." Indian hemp is a weed which can grow wild in such conditions as those of central France. —DONALD McI. JOHNSON, M.B.,B.Ch., 35 Langley Park Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Hymns Out Of Reach

YOUR CORRESPONDENT WHO asks why people stand in church with hymn books open but do not attempt to sing ("Free Speech," February 23) has failed to notice that in most cases either the hymn or the organ is pitched too high. It is quite suitable for a choir, but most of the congregation cannot touch it.—A. STARBUCK, 43 Holborn Road, London, E.13.

Laughing At Landladies

MY HUSBAND AND I HAVE found that a sense of humour is certainly needed by anyone who has to live in furnished flats. We have to travel on business and some landladies show very clearly that they doubt whether we are married (even after fourteen years of it!). We are often asked if we are sure that we have no children and are given solemn warnings such as that no washing is to be hung out on Sundays.—MRS. E. ROWE, Plymouth.

Australian Who Hit Back

RUSSELL BRADDON'S *The Naked Island*, in which he describes the murder of a Scots soldier who hit a Japanese guard during the beating-up of an Australian, recalls to me a similar incident in a prison camp in Java. We prisoners, British, Dutch and Australian, had been paraded for some trifling "offence" and were suffering in silence as the guards walked through the ranks, punching, kicking and beating us. One of them was particularly enjoying himself when an Australian broke from the ranks and, with a beautifully delivered uppercut, lifted him off his feet and into a water-trough. Unfortunately, the Australian suffered a similar fate to that of the Scot. He was attacked by some four or five guards and then dragged, bleeding and broken, to a filthy, unlit cell. I do not know for certain that he died, as we were moved from that camp almost immediately afterwards. But I cannot believe that a man could survive such treatment.—Ex-P.O.W., Reading.

. . . It was interesting to compare the pictures of prisoners herded into Selerang Barracks in Singapore with the

enclosed sketch of that part of the barracks we knew as "borehole square" which I made between September 2-5, 1942, when I was a prisoner there.—R. HOPPS, 8 Barley Mill Road, Blackhill, Co. Durham.

. . . I knew Russell Braddon and Ronald Searle in Changi camp, but perhaps I know more than Braddon does about Padre Noel Duckworth, because I was in the padre's camps all the way up the Thailand railway. Nobody could have steered us through those terrible years of agony and torture more bravely and gallantly. In one camp (No. 2, Siam) there were 1,746 of us at the start and, at the end of three months, only 240 were left alive. I never saw the padre sleep until he was himself very ill, and then his sense of humour as he lay among all those dying men was the only thing that could make them smile.—P. SHAUGHNESSY, 208 Heywood House, Bennett Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

. . . As a civilian interned by the Japs, I am amazed at how accurately Ronald Searle has depicted the Jap guards. The expressions, dress and general bearing are very life-like, although somewhat different from the enclosed snapshot taken during the Jap invasion of China, which shows a slightly more benign-looking Japanese soldier. — A. LUDBROOK, 16 New Lorne Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Taking Out A Baby

FROM MEMORIES OF MY own childhood, I endorse the remarks of your correspondent ("Free Speech," March 8) about what happens when children are allowed to take a baby for a walk. I remember the day when, like most children, I took the baby out of the pram while playing in the park, then found, to my horror, that she was missing. After a frantic search, I found her—not in the park but toddling down the middle of the busy main road nearby.—MRS. D. S., Cheshire.

Precious Water

I NEVER REALIZED HOW precious water can be until I went to live in Bermuda. There are no rivers there, so every house has its own water tank, fed from rain falling on the roof. After a dry summer the tanks often run dry, and then you call in a water-carrier, who draws off a load of water from a friend who has plenty in his tank, and puts it into yours. This costs £1 for each load, which (with care) lasts ten days.—E. M. BLAIKIE, 43 Bar End Road, Winchester, Hants.

Kidding The Sparrows

EVERYONE MUST HAVE HEARD the warning call of the blackbird, usually given on the wing when danger threatens. The other day, a blackbird and some sparrows flew down after some crumbs on our lawn. The blackbird was very annoyed and tried to chase the sparrows off. He got so cross that he stood on the lawn and gave his warning call, upon which all the sparrows took off in fright and he was left in peace.—MRS. S. M. BENNETT, 8 Alexandra Road, Yeovil, Somerset.

Family Manners

RECENTLY I SPENT AN afternoon with friends who, I know, have not had an easy life. I was horrified to see how they spoilt their daughter. When her mother asked her if she would get her own tea, she replied, bluntly: "No, I won't," and began to read a magazine. Without a word, her father got up, and made her tea. When he put it on the table, she was too absorbed even to look up; but, nevertheless, her hand stretched out for the teapot. Her behaviour struck me as very wrong, but I blame the parents for allowing it.—MISS N. W., London, W.2.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

When we had our clothes dry cleaned we had them re-textured and mothproofed at the same time by the wonderful new 'Catophrene' process.

Now, with the texture and brightness restored, they look like new again. They keep their shape, resist dampness and, best of all, we can store them when not in use without the slightest worry because they are *guaranteed* mothproofed.

So look for the Dry Cleaner with the 'Catophrene' sign on his window. You'll thank us for the hint.

RE-TEXTURED and MOTHPROOFED DURING DRY CLEANING FOR TWO TO THREE SHILLINGS EXTRA

CATOPHRENE

KEEPS YOUR CLOTHES LIKE NEW

LOOK FOR THE CLEANERS

DISPLAYING THE CATOPHRENE SIGN

WRITE FOR FREE LEAFLET
and address of nearest authorised dry-cleaner, to
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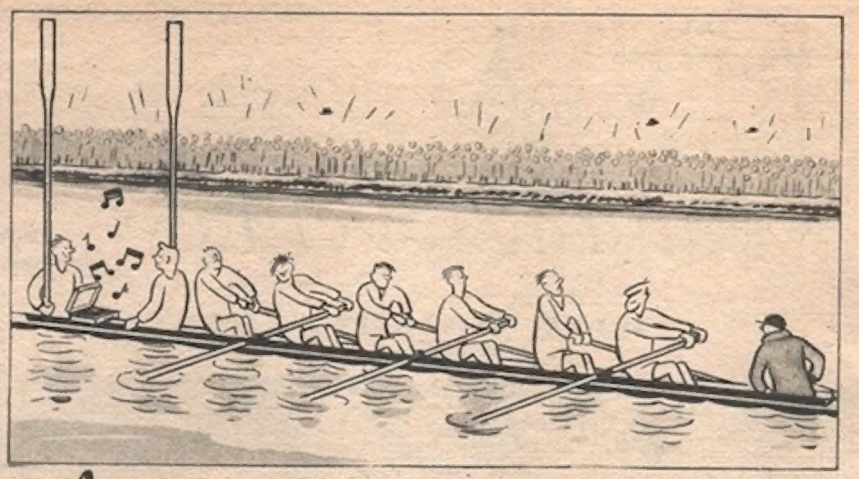

Naturally... IT GOES ANYWHERE

An Ever Ready Alldry Radio Receiver is easily carried about but, what is more important it will work wherever it is carried! You see, Ever Ready Alldry Radio uses no aerial, earth or mains wires and no accumulators and, is, therefore, free to entertain you wherever you may be.

The Ever Ready 'Brief Case' Portable (illustrated) costs you only **£15.8.6** ready to switch on.

EVER READY
REGD. TRADE MARK
MADE IN BRITAIN

ALLDRY RADIO

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BRITAIN'S BEST BATTERIES

HOLLOW-GROUND BLADES FOR

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BLUE HOLLOW-GROUND DOUBLE-EDGE PAL

SINGLE-EDGE PAL— HOLLOW-GROUND ALSO

For all standard single- or double-edge razors

PAL HOLLOW-GROUND BLADES

Does *Slovenly* hair spoil all your chances?

Do people look—and shudder?

Oh-oh-Dry Scalp!

Dry, lifeless, untidy hair, or flakes of dandruff in the parting and on the collar—this means Dry Scalp!

THE SMARTEST appearance is ruined by 'slovenly' hair — when it's dry, lifeless, or there's dandruff on your collar — and in your parting. And brushing and combing alone won't clear up these signs of ugly Dry Scalp. There's only one way to end *that*.

How? Just a 20-second daily massage with a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. Move your whole scalp — don't just rub — and this amazing hair tonic and dressing will end Dry Scalp.

Your hair will become naturally glossy, easy to comb, easy to put in place. Try this 20-second treatment and watch the difference. Get a bottle today—you'll find 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic very economical.

It's amazing how much better your hair looks, astonishing how much better your scalp feels, when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Get a bottle to-day!

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

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REVEAL *your natural loveliness*

...WITH KNIGHT'S CASTILE

Makes the most of your natural beauty

Beauty lies hidden in every woman's skin . . . and Knight's Castile reveals it. Gently and surely it floats away the veil of dust and stale make-up that conceals the clear loveliness beneath. Knight's Castile is the modern counterpart of the original Castile Soap, first made for the exquisite complexions of the beauties of old Castile. Prepared from *natural* oils, it is the kindest, mildest of soaps.

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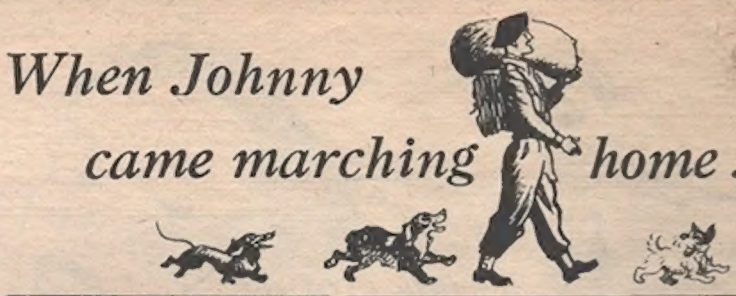
When Johnny came marching home . . .



Betty saw him first. "He's here," she shouted

I KNEW CADBURY'S WOULD MAKE A LOVELY PARTY!

There's nothing so welcoming as a hot cup of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate. Smooth, frothy, sweet. And so easy to make, too!

MADE IN 2 STIRS

CADBURY'S

Drinking Chocolate

(Note to wise housewives: always keep a tin in the store cupboard!)

TOILET TISSUE NEWS HERE'S

"Sanico"

A NEW KIND OF TOILET TISSUE

It's altogether SOFTER and it's good value

Here's the *extra* softness you look for in toilet tissue, in a new roll, made by a firm with 63 years' experience. At 1s. 3d. it offers exceptional value. Get "Sanico" next time. Grocers, Chemists, Stationers and Stores all stock it.

1/3

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF Bronco

JOURNEY TO PUCHULU

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. LANG

Years ago, Sturmer wanted to meet this man. But not tonight; not here; not alone

STURMER COUNTED OUT fifty one-thousand-franc notes and pushed them across the table. The young man seated opposite shook his head. He was short and broad-shouldered; the lopsided beret hanging over his long-jawed face had almost the effect of a mask.

"I'll have the money when we get to Puchulu," he said in French. "Cash on delivery."

"As you like." Sturmer put the notes back in his wallet. "We meet here at nine this evening, then?"

"At nine." Louis Destaux got up and, without glancing at Sturmer, made his way between the tables to the bar. The little group standing at it closed round him. Sturmer felt horribly alone. He had had a long and dangerous day.

Sturmer's day had begun at nine o'clock when he pushed up the blind and rubbed the moisture from the windows. The train was running through the outskirts of Baydenne and the mountains, clear and distant in the morning light, were already visible. Beyond them lay Spain: Sturmer's journey was nearly over. Then Madrid, Algeciras, Tangier, South America—he tasted the words like wine. Methodically, he checked through the list of contacts in his mind, repeating the meeting places, the sums of money needed at every stage. He had forgotten nothing.

All that worried him now was the thought of the night walk across the mountains. He would insist that they take him by Puchulu. That was the pass he knew, the pass the escaping Allied airmen had taken during the war. Sturmer smiled. He had good reason to be familiar with the gorge of Puchulu; the ambushes he had organized in it had been efficient and exciting. But the approach to the gorge was complicated; he couldn't, after five years, quite trust himself to find the way. Once in the gorge he would need a guide no longer: Sturmer knew that it ran directly into Spain, as straight as a gun barrel and narrow as a lift. He remembered its almost vertical sides and pebbly floor, and the way the machine guns of his men had echoed down its throat.

The train began to slow down; Sturmer took

The noise was getting louder, booming in the confining walls. Sturmer knew now what it was

his suitcase from the rack. For the first time on his journey from Brussels he felt his mouth go dry. They knew Sturmer in Baydenne; he had been Gestapo chief there for three years. Perhaps it would have been wiser to cross the Pyrenees at Perpignan, a district in which he had never been. It was not too late, he told himself, almost panicking. He could spend the day on Baydenne Station and take the night train to Toulouse. Then the sight of his face in the mirror below the luggage rack reassured him. He was Julius Sturmer no longer; he was Jacques Desjardins of Lille, commercial traveller in textiles. His false identity card and passport said so, his perfect northern accent and bourgeois appearance proved it.

The citizens of Baydenne had known Sturmer as a heavy-jowled, clean-shaven man. The face that stared back at him from the mirror was hollow-cheeked and sallow, with a thin moustache spanning the lines that ran from nostrils to mouth. And there was the limp he had so carefully cultivated. . . .

The train skidded over the points and Sturmer brought himself back to the moment, to his meticulous programme. He would leave his case in the *consigne*, stroll about the streets for three hours—like any other traveller—and take lunch in the Station Hotel at noon. At three o'clock he would be in the Café Noblia. That, he knew, was the place where the smugglers met. There would be no awkward questions; only a flutter of notes and a rendezvous fixed for the evening. It would be as easy as that.

The train stopped and he scrambled down to the familiar platform. He paused for a moment and then limped for the exit.

Sturmer had always liked Baydenne; the fact that he had been responsible for the death or deportation of many of its people in no way prejudiced him against it. Even during the Occupation it had been a vivacious town with its mixture of French, Basques and Spaniards. He was pleased to notice that it hadn't changed much. There were the same colours, the pinks and blues of the shutters; the same light on the river; the same heavy eaves that made a grotto of every street.

He cut through the rue d'Espagne and entered the square before the town hall. It was gay with posters and bunting. Flags flew above the shops and an enormous streamer, advertising a bullfight for the coming week, was strung high across the street. Sturmer read the melodious names of the matadors; for the first time since the war, the streamer said, the bulls were coming from Spain. The German had never seen a bull-fight; he almost regretted his necessity for haste.

THE sun was growing hot. He limped across the bridge and turned into the cathedral close in search of shade. The market stalls were set among the plane trees; Sturmer walked among them boldly. He stopped in the south-west corner and looked across at Louis Destaux's forge. Someone was working inside; the regular ring of the hammer was like the pulse of the strong, swarming life in the close.

The name on the red door made Sturmer frown; Louis Destaux had given him a lot of trouble during the war. The curious, exasperating feature of the case was that Sturmer had never set eyes on Louis in his life. He had known the young blacksmith to be the most dangerous *passeur* in the Western Pyrenees, the leader of a band that had escorted more Allied escapers over the frontier than any other organization. Only once, in the ambush at Puchulu, had Sturmer got the better of him. But Louis had escaped, and Sturmer and his men had hunted him unsuccessfully till the end of the war. Finally, they had taken the Basque's wife, Catherina, as a hostage.

He had a distinct image of Catherina: a slim, wide-eyed woman whose contempt had only been equalled by her obstinacy. She had refused to talk of her husband's hiding place in the mountains in spite of all their interrogations. The questioning had begun moderately, even civilly. That had lasted for a day. Under the last interrogation, which Sturmer had conducted personally, Catherina had died. . . .

Remembering her, Sturmer felt depressed. Not because she had died, but because she had died in silence. He had been a conscientious officer, and failures irked his professional pride. For a full minute he stood under the plane trees, listening to the beat of the hammer. Then he remembered that Sturmer was dead, that he was Jacques Desjardins seeing the sights of Baydenne between two trains.

If he was sweating a little when he sat down to lunch in the Station Hotel an hour later, he put it down to the heat. After all, it was July.

OLD Serrano was sweating, too, as he ran into Louis Destaux's forge at a little after three o'clock. Serrano was a casual porter on Baydenne Station; he was bent and myopic, but he had recognized Sturmer at once. The German had travelled a great deal during the war and Serrano had often seen him alight from the train. He had not forgotten the way Sturmer glanced round him as his feet touched the platform: the hard, crisp glance of a man surrounded by enemies; or the way his right hand clenched round something in his mackintosh pocket.

Louis Destaux was shoeing a mule when Serrano ducked under the curtain into the forge. The old Basque was excited; his beret was askew and his fists were clenched. When he bent down, almost putting his lips to Destaux's ear, the words hissed out like steam. "Louis. Listen. Sturmer's here."

The other dropped the hoof he was paring and straightened up. He came close to Serrano and gripped him by the elbows. "Is this a joke?"

"I swear it, Louis. He got off the Paris train. He's changed, he looks smaller, but it's him!"

"Why should he come back here?"

Serrano struck his head with his fist. "Can't you guess? He's been on the run since the Bordeaux tribunal condemned him to death. Hiding in the north somewhere, I suppose."

"Where is he now?"

"In the Noblia. I've been following him since this morning. He asked André, the barman, where he could find a guide for tonight for Puchulu. André sent me to tell you. . . ."

Louis Destaux relaxed his grip and slowly rubbed his hands over his leather apron. When he spoke, his voice was curt and commanding. "Go back and tell André that I'll look after him. Say that I'll be in the Noblia at once. Tell nobody else, do you hear?"

Serrano looked at him anxiously. His next call was to have been the police station. He understood Destaux's desire to deal with the German himself; it was his right. But things could go wrong in the mountains at night; Sturmer was not the sort of man to let himself be overpowered easily. He would be armed and on his guard. To Serrano, it was better to hand the thing over to the law.

Louis listened to his objections in silence. When the old man had had his say, he looked at him with a peculiar smile. "I won't touch him, Serrano. I promise you that. I won't touch a hair of his head."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll take him to Puchulu, but I won't touch him," he repeated.

"You'll let him go?"

"Yes." And again that strange smile. "But the mountains won't. Don't you remember what's happening in Puchulu tonight?"

Serrano's mouth dropped open slowly; the light of the forge was shining redly in Destaux's eyes. For a moment they eyed each other; then Louis pushed the old man to the door. . . .

It was midnight before Sturmer and Louis left the last village behind and entered the foothills.

Catherina's interrogation began moderately.

The earth was exhaling the heat of the day; a half-moon filled the valley with curdled light, and thin mists, rolling across the meadows by the river, were drifting raggedly up through the copses of mountain oak. It was an hallucinating world where shadows took strange shapes and dissolved; where sounds, trivial by day, suddenly became alien and doubtful. As they began the climb, Sturmer knew that he would never have found the way alone.

He struggled to keep the pace. The Basque went ahead, climbing easily in an almost dancing rhythm which lifted his rope-sandalled feet high through the broken shale of the path. They didn't speak. Sturmer's efforts at conversation had been met with a shake of the head or a quick, almost contemptuous cut with the hand. He wondered who this man might be to whom he had entrusted the last stage of his dangerous journey, and even his life. "A Basque who knows the passes" was all that they had told him in the café in Baydenne.

Sturmer had soon abandoned the pretence of his limp; what did it matter now? His suitcase unbalanced him and his heavy boots skidded on the burnt grass; the automatic in his pocket rubbed the skin raw as he lifted his knees.

After two hours' progress, he cried out for a halt. He sat down and clenched his aching legs; he had the unpleasant feeling that every muscle in his body was about to writhe into a knot of cramp. He felt sick; he thought he was going to faint. Like a man who clamps both

It got worse, but still she kept silent. Eventually, Sturmer himself took over the questioning

hands to a gushing wound, he forced his will to staunch his escaping consciousness. In the effort to contain himself, he stared intensely, eyes wide open, into the night.

He saw the valley from which they had started four hours before. The river shone under the moon, the oak copses were set like toy trees round the white-walled, matchbox farms. As his senses returned, he heard the faint sound of running water and the mountain sheep chiming their bells as they moved in the gulf below. His breathing became less laboured, his muscles began to relax. In twenty minutes, he thought, he would be fit to march again. . . .

He didn't know how long he had sat there when a small stone, dislodged above, bounced past his head. He looked over his right shoulder and saw the Basque climbing down towards him. As clear as a luminous needle, the instinct of danger flickered in his brain; his hand closed round the automatic, his heels felt for a grip in the shale. But the man approached casually, his empty hands swinging freely. He stopped a yard away and jerked his head.

Sturmer said: "I must rest."

The Basque grunted. "Only five minutes." He pointed to the moon. "We must be in Puchulu before it sets."

Sturmer nodded, and felt the relaxing of all the little muscles that had tightened with fear. There was no danger now. . . .

He had been climbing for half an hour when, abruptly, the going became easier; the rock gave place to scrub and grass, the air freshened. He followed one more traverse, almost ran up a small incline, and stood on the summit.

The first thing that Sturmer realized was that the scene was familiar; the second, that he was alone. The moon had come out of the clouds and the pass was clear before him. There was an enclosed space, a kind of clearing, perhaps a hundred yards long by fifty broad. The two semicircular ridges of rock which formed its sides gave it the appearance of an amphitheatre. At its far end, very distinct in the moonlight, was the mouth of the gorge—a roofless door. Sturmer saw its almost vertical sides; it was narrow, three men might have entered it abreast. He recognized the group of boulders on the west side of the entrance where, six years before, he had stationed his men. He saw the dip down which the escapers had scattered when the first shots warned them they had been trapped. They had numbered fifteen, Sturmer remembered; none of them had reached the gorge. . . .

The Basque had vanished. Sturmer looked down the mountain behind him, he strained his eyes at the shadows below the rocks. He walked to the middle of the clearing and shouted. His voice echoed and died; there was no answer. He put down his suitcase, clapped his hands and shouted louder: "Hola! Hola!" Again there was silence. He walked round the perimeter, peering into the shadows, hearing his voice rebounding from the rocks.

He returned to the middle and stood by his suitcase. For the second time that night he felt himself to be in danger, a danger he didn't understand. Where was the Basque? Why had he disappeared? Without sign? Without payment? He waited another minute, and then picked up his case and walked quickly towards the gorge. He reached it, entered it, marched for two minutes down its throat. Then he heard a sound.

It was a sound that Sturmer couldn't identify —a dry crepitation, the noise a man makes when running through thick gravel. It came from in front of him, from somewhere in the foggy light that filled the gorge. He stopped to listen; the sound grew louder. It was confused and irregular, suddenly fading to begin again with greater volume. Then, pallid in the moonlight, wisps of dust began to drift towards him. He dropped his case and stood, uncertainly.

His first thought was that there had been a fall, perhaps a small avalanche farther up the pass. He listened intently. The noise was getting louder, booming now in the confining walls, beating up louder and nearer. And then Sturmer knew what it was—the sound of trotting cattle.

The next moment he saw them. They came three abreast; the cows running mutely, the bulls giving short, hoarse-throated roars. He saw the wide horns glinting, saw them riding the dust like black fins in a frothing sea. For a moment he shrank against the rock; his hands clawed for a hold; his eyes rolled upwards for a branch, a bush, anything that would lift him above the swaying horns and drumming hooves —then he turned and fled down the way he had come. He had gone only a few paces when he saw, blocking the mouth of the gorge, the figure of the Basque. He was standing quite still, his arms folded.

Sturmer stopped, slithering. He went on a pace, pivoted round, tripped on his suitcase, and fell. The dust choked him as he rose, pulling at his gun. Before he was properly on his feet the first bull was on him. The hook of the horn, driving into the groin, lifted him up and forwards. He crashed on his knees ten yards away; he had just time to bury his head in his arms before they reached him again; their black muzzles searching above the short, forward-jabbing legs.

"No!" cried Sturmer. "No!" The second blow impaled his chest, carried him high, screaming, swinging on the horn, till a brutal flick spun him through the air, tossed him backwards, spreadeagled, on to the bed of horns behind. For a minute, like a man borne on a landslide, he struck out with his arms, twitched over, drummed feebly with his legs. Then he went down, doubled up, to the dust and flying pebbles, to the quaking ground where the dainty hooves battered out of him the meagre life remaining.

Half an hour later, one of the three Spaniards who had ridden behind the bulls threw a cloak on the body and walked over to join the group standing by the mouth of the gorge.

"Who was he?" he asked as he joined them.

Louis Destaux said: "A man I knew."

The others looked at him curiously; the tone of his voice discouraged further questioning.

"*Hombre,*" said another of the Spaniards reflectively, "that was a dirty way to die."

Louis shrugged. He wasn't thinking of Sturmer; he was looking at the bulls. They were standing still, smelling the wind; the cows moved nervously among them. They looked good, Louis was thinking. The first real fighting bulls to be smuggled into France since the war. He imagined them as they would be four days hence, black and bright when they stamped from the *toril* into the sun, on to the yellow sand of the ring where the dark men of death were waiting with their crimson capes.

"*Vamos.*" The three Spaniards had mounted their mules and were trotting towards him. Louis turned and led the way towards the valley and Baydenne.

THE END

Arthur Davies with his choir. He keeps strict discipline, insists on good manners, bans smoking and drinking, and protects the girls from "wolves',

Eighty girls and a man

by KEITH ELLIS

Fame came to a Luton Sunday school choir when Arthur Davies, a born showman, gave the girls a uniform of blue dresses and red shoes, and taught them the songs the people love to hear

ARTHUR DAVIES, the musical director of the Luton Girls' Choir, was introduced after a concert to a high executive of a well-known commercial combine. "I work for you," he said, as he shook hands. The executive was puzzled. His organization serves a large part of the earth's surface and sells most things from ice-cream to kippers, but it had not bought up the Luton Girls' Choir. "How do you mean, 'work for us'?" he asked. Davies smiled his wide smile. "I sell your fertilizer," he said.

For Davies, the man who brought national fame to a Methodist Sunday school choir, is by profession a seed salesman, and the girls who sing to packed halls on Saturdays and Sundays return on Mondays to offices, shops and factories. All are amateurs. They have raised more than £45,000 for charity—nearly £11,000 of it for the National Children's Home.

"They sing," says Davies, "because they enjoy singing—from the same urge that makes some of us sing in the bath." At fifty-three, Davies gives the air of enjoying it, too. He is tall and stiffly built, with thinning grey hair, clipped black eyebrows and a double chin. He is jovial and avuncular, and has a wide smile which dawns slowly over his face as the listener responds to his points.

He goes on to tell how, unlike most people who sing in their baths, the Luton Girls' Choir has sold more than half a million copies of the forty pieces it has recorded. Though he has long lost count of the number of broadcasts, the B.B.C. puts it at twenty-four for 1950 and thirty-one for 1951. The choir has also appeared at a Royal Command Variety Performance, the Albert Hall, the Royal Festival Hall, on television, and at most of the first-class provincial halls within weekend's reach of Luton.

It has sung to tiny audiences in the wards of the Luton and Dunstable Hospital, and to 11,000 Welshmen at a mid-Wales Eisteddfod. In the holidays, it has travelled as far as Belfast and Cornwall, and is planning a Scottish tour this summer. Every year it gives more than sixty performances.

The girls insist that their success is due almost entirely to the work of Arthur Davies. Alan Malden, of the National Children's Home, who often travels with them, says: "I've never known a choir depend so much on one man." Harold Fielding, the impresario, talks of Davies's "genius." He adds, "Usually, when the word 'amateur' is mentioned, we expect chaos. From Davies we get quicker service than from many professionals. The girls don't fuss in their dressing-rooms. They go on like troupers—immaculately dressed and groomed. The standard of singing is incredibly high."

He describes how the choir was booked to do two concerts at Blackpool one Saturday at

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SURVIVAL after Death

The candid report of a man who decided to make a personal investigation of spiritualism

I attend a séance

by REGINALD M. LESTER

IT WAS SIX WEEKS after my wife's tragically sudden death and about a week after my attendance at a "Group healing circle" that I had my first private sitting, or séance, with a medium.

I was still in a state of acute uncertainty—now wanting to accept the spiritualist theories of survival after death and communication with the spirits of the dead; now tortured by all the doubts and suspicions which my long opposition to spiritualism had implanted in me, and more anxious than ever to avoid any wishful thinking.

One minute, I felt sure that the medium's identification of my wife and references to the wedding ring and snapshot I had been carrying in my pocket at the "healing circle" meeting were the result of some sort of mind-reading and clairvoyance, and could easily be explained away by any sensible person. A minute later, I was nearly ready to believe everything I had been told.

The Quest For Proof

All things considered, I was in a very difficult state of mind, and must have been a most unsuitable subject for the further attempt I had determined to make to find out if there was "anything in it."

I held in my imagination the picture of what I then thought must be the typical séance: a vision of the professional medium, in deep trance, sitting at a table in darkness, with probably table rappings and all sorts of queer things going on.

I had been able to get an appointment for a sitting with the medium I had met at the "healing circle" meeting. Her name was Mrs. Nan Mackenzie, and she had impressed me very favourably as a woman of high character and great sympathy.

Nevertheless, I went along to her flat in Chelsea in a sceptical frame of mind. Only my desperate need for comfort in my bereavement—for some sort of "evidence" that my beloved wife was not really dead, but still in existence somewhere—probably prevented me from being completely non-receptive and thus useless from the point of view of "results."

In my investigations since that night, I have had varied experiences. Some of these have convinced me; others have left me unsatisfied and even certain of fraud or deception. But I have learned that no spiritualist experience of any value is possible unless the sitter is in some way receptive, and the circumstances or "conditions" favourable.

Looking back, I find it all the more surprising that my first private sitting with Mrs. Mackenzie was so comparatively successful.

On this occasion she did not go into trance at all.

We were sitting in armchairs before the fire in the lounge of her flat, talking normally, when suddenly I had a very strong feeling that Marjorie, my wife, was there, too. Mrs. Mackenzie told me that she was in fact standing by my chair, in spirit form, and that she could see her quite clearly, although I could not. She explained that the "etheric body," which spiritualists believe survives on the death of the physical body and the severing of the cord which connects them during life in this world, is sometimes visible to those with clairvoyant powers. It is seen in the form of light and reproduces many of the characteristics of the physical body, although in a rather different form. (Signs of age, for instance, are gradually removed.)

Anyway, the medium described Marjorie to me quite correctly. Her features, the exact colouring of her hair and eyes, her small build, the habit she had of fingering the necklace round her throat and other mannerisms were all described accurately.

Mrs. Mackenzie then told me something she could not have learned at second hand (as the person who introduced me to her was a complete stranger to me)—that Marjorie had died suddenly "around the festive season." She also mentioned the cause of her last illness, which had baffled the doctors but had been confirmed by a post-mortem.

She said that Marjorie wanted to thank me for carrying out her desire for cremation instead of burial. Then she went through our twenty-seven years of married life, mentioning various private matters known only to myself and to my wife.

"I don't know what this means," Mrs. Mackenzie said at one point, "but your wife is now building up for me a bright gold ring—I should think it's a symbol of her wedding ring—with the figures 1922 standing out very clearly within the circle."

We were married in 1922.

Illness I'd Forgotten

Among other things mentioned were my wife's going-away dress, the place where we spent our honeymoon, a description of our prewar home in Hampstead, and an account of our life together during the last war, when I had been an area commandant, and my wife had lived with me in a furnished flat in a south-east town.

Then Mrs. Mackenzie said that my wife had been taken ill for a short time in the autumn of 1945. I disputed this. She repeated it emphatically, and I then remembered that Marjorie had indeed turned suddenly ill while out shopping. She had been in great pain that night, but had completely recovered in a few days, and the incident had been forgotten amid other preoccupations of that time. I was impressed by this when I thought it over afterwards, because I was sure that the incident had been nowhere in my mind at the time, and could not have been "lifted" from it by telepathy or any other means.

At the end of the sitting, there was a three-cornered discussion about my plans for the future; whether I should stay on in our old home or move to another district. My wife—through the medium, of course—strongly advised that I

Before starting to inquire into spiritualism following his bereavement, Reginald Lester, author and wartime lieutenant-colonel, had, in his own words, "a lifelong prejudice against psychic communication with the dead." It was Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding who first persuaded him to attend a spiritualist "circle"

Mrs. Nan Mackenzie, the medium. "We were talking normally when suddenly I felt that Marjorie, my wife, was there, too"

Summing up his first séances, Lester says the mediums told him things which offered proof that they had intercepted thoughts and experiences known only to himself and his wife, Marjorie, whose photograph is seen on his bookshelf. "But," he adds, "my doubts remained"

should temporarily leave our home and go somewhere else for a change.

I came away from that sitting very definitely uplifted; ready to believe that the medium had been able to "tune in" to my wife's mind—somehow—somewhere, in some world beyond. I could not see how she could possibly have been so correct, otherwise, about so many intimate and secret matters.

I now had to consider my next moves: whether to keep to this one medium and not experiment in a wider field; or to launch out and investigate every possible aspect and phenomenon of spiritualism, in the hope of getting more "proof" —and more comfort—for myself and for others.

One Sitting Each Week

I had to resist the temptation to go on having sittings as often as possible, to satisfy my acute need for frequent contacts with what I was beginning to believe might be the spirit or mind of my loved one. I therefore restricted myself to one sitting a week, and planned to visit as many of the best-known mediums of repute as possible, to see which of them could tune in most perfectly to my wife's and my own "vibrations." (I had already been told that contacts with the spirit world depended on harmonious "vibrations" between the sitter and the spirits of the dead.)

Several of my friends, who had listened to my experiences with great interest, thought that I had already received enough proof of my wife's survival to affect my obstinate scepticism. But I did not agree. I wanted to know a good deal more about it. I needed a lot more "evidence."

Each week for some time after that I went to a Wednesday evening "circle" in Nan Mackenzie's room at Marylebone House, attended by some fifteen sincere believers.

I found that the usual sitting began with prayers. Then the medium went into trance. Her eyes were tightly shut during these trance periods, the eyeballs appearing to be drawn up so that, when she came out of it, she was at first unable to see until they had been brought back to their normal position, and she could focus her sight again.

During the trance her expressions seemed to change quite remarkably, and her voice, although obviously the same voice—took on different tones and inflections.

I was told that after she had gone into trance, the spirits using her as a means of communication with this world were able to talk with her vocal apparatus and in some cases even temporarily to inhabit her body. I found this hard to grasp or believe—especially at first—but could not help being impressed by the amazing addresses or sermons which I regularly heard at these sittings.

A few minutes after she had gone off into trance, a very deep voice—much deeper than her normal tone—would say: "Greetings." I now knew that this was the signal for Mrs. Mackenzie's "spirit guide" to take over, and that he was known as "Running Water." I had been told that he had lived on earth many hundreds of years ago as a North American Indian.

Why Such Perfect English?

After he had been welcomed by the members of the group, "Running Water" would go on to talk to us, his talks, or "sermons," impressing me far more than any pulpit oration.

The fact that he always spoke in perfect English worried me considerably, and I asked for an explanation. (I must, at this stage, have been a great nuisance to those who were present at sittings with me, for I was continually asking questions.) Mrs. Mackenzie answered in this way: "Languages as we know them do not enter into contacts with the spirits. All communication in the spirit world—and between the spirit world and ours—is done by *thought*. It is only necessary for 'Running Water' to convey a thought, and it is expressed at once in Mrs. Mackenzie's own voice and language."

At one early sitting, "Running Water" was talking to us through Mrs. Mackenzie when he turned to me suddenly and asked: "Do you know that you possess remarkable healing powers?"

"No," I replied, "and even if I do, it's too late now." (I was thinking that I might have healed my wife.)

"It is never too late," he said quietly. "You will be the means of bringing comfort and relief from pain to many in the days to come."

Later, I did in fact take up spiritual healing, working for a time as a voluntary helper at a healing centre. But that is another story.

In the meantime, I went on with my investigations.

I paid my first visit to a public clairvoyance meeting. I had heard a lot about these meetings, but at this one I formed a very poor impression of the demonstrator, and was surprised at the easy credulity of members of the audience who, it seemed to me, were far too ready to accept every message purporting to come to them from the "other side."

Several other such meetings I went to struck me as having more showmanship about them than seriousness. One or two of them seemed almost to develop into a variety turn, with the medium giving a humorous twist to most of the messages, apparently as concerned as a stage comedian in getting laughs.

In contrast, I thought that a big Sunday evening gathering I attended in the Victoria Hall, London, was conducted on a much higher level, more like a religious service.

Message Followed Message

I also went on with my plan of trying as many different types of séances as possible. My idea was to go to a different medium each time, as far as possible, in order to see how the various results compared.

At one sitting, there was a "circle" of eight people: five women and three men, including myself. Every one of the other seven received in turn a number of messages, and, although most of them seemed ready to accept anything that came through, I thought that a lot of it was on the vague side, and very little of any real value. Common Christian names were repeated time after time, and it would have been surprising if some of the names had not applied to relatives of about seventy per cent of the average sitters: John, Annie, Tom, Fred and names like that. I thought it was rather pathetic how eagerly my companions claimed these names as belonging to someone of their own.

At last the medium turned to me. I had to admit that I was told more of a definite nature than the others appeared to have received. Once again, my wife was correctly described. The nature of her last illness, her wedding ring, a favourite dress that I had always liked, her photographs in my bedroom, were all given to me accurately.

On the whole, my research had already brought me into contact with some good mediums. Others had been good at times, but their powers had seemed to wax and wane, and it struck me that when they were not able to get anything satisfying they were not always frank enough to admit it.

I attended one sitting, consisting of a group of four people, which was of the type I had come to call the "question-and-answer" kind and which did not seem to me very helpful. I noted the conversations very carefully and came to the conclusion that the data given to the other three people by the medium could very easily have been supplied by themselves. I admired the ingenuity this medium—a man—displayed in getting his details, but at the same time deprecated it, because it lessened my own growing belief.

After apparently satisfying the other three sitters, he came to me. I was determined to keep to the simple negative or affirmative in my replies, in order to test him thoroughly. Here is an extract from my notes of that sitting:

MEDIUM: You have lost someone recently. [As

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"Was it a real girl?" I inquired, bringing the woman's attention back to the picture in my hand. She paused, maddeningly, before replying

Coming Home

by PAULINE CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

Her picture had haunted me all those months in Korea. I didn't know her name or where she lived. All I knew was that *if* she lived, I'd find her

WHEN WE DOCKED we knew we were in for a good deal of fuss. "They'll have the band out, or I'll eat my Aunt Minny," Jimmy had said, and I for one felt quite homesick to be separated from this relation of Jimmy's for a whole long leave. All through the bad days, Aunt Minny had been like a kind of talisman.

Jimmy was right. There were flags and bands and crowds and officials. Speeches and cheers. Welcome home from Korea, boys. Then there were the wives and children, tears and laughter. This part I always watched curiously, cut off: I hadn't got a wife. I was a Regular. I considered myself an old soldier, having been in Tunisia and Italy, and I had somehow got used to being a bachelor. People used to say, "Well, at least, Griffin, you haven't got a wife." And I used to feel thankful that nothing, no living family, would be cut in half and maimed when I died. Only my parents, and they had each other.

I was thinking about all this when we docked.

It was extraordinary, I was thinking, how quickly when we were away from the things we'd seen, we forgot them, covered them up with a layer of home and safety. Home and safety: I made myself think of the refugees and the cold out there and the fellows who'd taken our places. It all seemed another life.

Anyway, here we were, the other fellows thinking about homes and wives and girls and the children; and I having only one urgent thing in my mind to do with my leave (apart from going home, which was not urgent: it was always there for me and I had always been content with it). And that was, the photograph. I hadn't mentioned to a soul what I wanted to do, or I'd never have heard the last of it, although several of them had seen the photograph. My pin-up girl, they called it. And they didn't think much of it as a pin-up girl, because it was only a head and bare shoulders. "Coo, spank my Aunt Minny, 'e's modest in 'is wants, our George. Blimey, a bloomin' head and shoulders!" And Jimmy said much more which I needn't mention.

It wasn't really a photograph in the ordinary sense, like the snap of my parents leaning out of their front window, or of my sister and her baby. It was cut out of a magazine. It was the photograph of a bronze cast of a girl. The title of it was simply "Head of a Girl," but the caption was half cut off and the name of the artist wasn't there. I could gather that the head had been bought by an art gallery somewhere: but the scissors had taken away the name of the place, depriving me of one way I could have traced it.

Because I wanted to find the girl who had been the model.

It sounds fantastic, but it was the one thing I wanted to do while I was on leave. I had made an arrangement with myself that if I got out of this, I would look for the girl. We had been out there more than a year, under what conditions everybody knows. Seeing the people caught in the cold and the violence sickened you. I suppose as a kind of escape from this and the strangeness of the country, I had come to think of the scrap of paper as standing for home.

When I first stooped to pick it up, I think that contrast was in my mind, the contrast between East and West. It was a scrap of English

paper, on the floor. I suppose it had come wrapping some parcel, but there was only that bit. Perhaps someone liked it before I did, and cut it out, and then found another he liked better. I don't know.

But looking down at that face on the floor was like recognizing something. The head and shoulders of an English girl. It was an English face; it seemed familiar. It seemed like home. It almost seemed that I recognized the face, and yet I couldn't pin it down.

I used to carry it around in my wallet with the other snaps. Sometimes I tried giving her a name, and when the fellows were showing snaps I'd bring it out and say: "This is Margaret," or "This is Rose." They always appreciated the joke. A bachelor, with his ideal. But no name seemed right and I used to call her "you." Oh, yes, I had to call her something, because I got into the way of thinking of her as there and talking to her in my mind. In tight places I used to think: I must get her out of this—as if the scrap of paper were a real person.

It was getting a bit worn and thin. Once or twice it had got so wet I'd been afraid it would come to pieces altogether, and I'd have nothing to go on but my memory, and that made me panic.

It wasn't exactly a beautiful face, but it had something about it that got me. The breadth and the patient planes of the forehead, the rather pulled-down wide mouth. It looked as if it weren't the face of an exactly happy person, but a person who was strong. And all the time I had the sense of its being familiar. It wasn't even a very young, or nymph-like, girl. The hair was heavy and moulded. I could imagine what it would be like to touch, loose and hanging. I wondered what colour it was.

It took me back to my childhood, and I couldn't think why. To back gardens where I had played twenty years ago, with that rubbishy collection of junk children accumulate, calling it a boat or a castle or a plane. It made me remember wallpapers in our old house where I'd lived till I was eleven, and which I thought I had completely forgotten. It's funny how it always seems sunny back there.

Sometimes in that cold I used to go back deliberately into that sunny garden and be there. I'm going crazy, I thought, losing my grip. But I am certain it was the picture started me off down those remembered streets, where it all seemed safe and sun-drenched and homely—in contrast with the exotic strangeness around us.

And here I was, back. And I hadn't the first idea how to begin. I had thought, coming, that when I got home perhaps I wouldn't care about the head any longer. Now here I was and I was as determined as ever. I had better get it out of my system, I thought. If I draw a blank, then that's that. But I didn't know how to begin: for I hadn't even got the name of the paper, though it was probably some weekly picture paper.

I decided I must get to London before I did anything about the scrap of paper, so I had to possess my soul in patience till we got there. Then I wired to my parents to tell them when I'd arrive, and made for a public library.

I went into the public reading-room, and round all the desks and tables with that pathetic scrap, half-hidden in my pocket, trying to match up the paper and print. Once or twice I had to wait to get at a paper while someone read it, and then out would come the mangled scrap, and away I would go in a minute, because it didn't look right. People must have thought I was crazy.

I whittled it down to four possibilities, but it was a slender hope. It might even be American: I might be a whole Atlantic away. But I didn't think so: I thought it was English.

I tossed up which to try first. Then I made my way down to Fleet Street and the first address. Could I look at file copies over the last two years? I didn't think it could be older.

They were very kind. They looked at me, saw I was the Gloucestershires, started to gather round and ask questions. I think they thought it was my way of getting an interview and telling my experiences. I felt such a fool, I couldn't tell them what I really wanted. But I did manage to imply I was interested in the sculptor of this head, and whether it had been in their paper. They got the features editor. He studied my scrap.

"Our captions are always in italic," he said, "not roman type."

I hadn't thought of that. You don't if you're just the ordinary reader. I thanked them and they saw me out. I'm sure they thought I was mildly cranky. I tried two other places, and I

The bronze head recalled a host of memories; but not the one I wanted

was beginning to think it was hopeless. It had started to rain. There were the London pavements with the rain on them that I had longed to see, and the lamps all blurred, for it was getting dark. But the girl was as far away as ever. She seemed farther than if I'd been back in Korea again. For one incredible, paradoxical minute, I had a flash of feeling for our old quarters, because there she had seemed close, where I'd found her.

At the last place, I struck lucky. The features editor looked at the scrap.

"Yes," he said. "Yes. Get out all the Mays and Junes, 1950, Miss Horner, for our friend. I can't tell you exactly which, but I think I'm right in saying it's about then. Take a seat at the table in the waiting-room, Sergeant-Major, and be as long as you like."

I thought I should tear them, I was in such a hurry. I thought I should yell out when I found it.

I couldn't see it for a moment for tears. I told myself I was daft. It looked so clean and new in the copy, not like the scrap I had.

Well, there was the name of the artist, and the name of the gallery, a provincial town's gallery, which had bought the head. So I had two things to try.

"This sculptor," I asked the man, when I thanked him, "I suppose you wouldn't know where——?"

"Try the London telephone directory," he said. "Here you are. Otherwise, there's *Who's Who*. And there's *The Year's Art*."

I tried the telephone book. It was a woman, I had been half surprised to see, a Mrs. Margaret Shead, R.B.S. And I wondered if she'd be under her husband's name or her own, and what initial to try first. I found it, quite easily. I knew it must be her because of the letters after her name. It was a Hammersmith address.

I thanked him. He shook hands. "If it's the wrong one, come back, or ring me up. I expect I could help you. And take the copy. Yours is falling to bits. And good luck, Sergeant-Major," he said.

I think he knew what I was after, and I think he was afraid I'd find there wasn't a model, or the model was married or something.

I didn't look at the clean, new face in the magazine because it seemed somehow strange, and not so much my girl; it hadn't gone through all the other one had. I rang up Mrs. Margaret Shead, and tried to explain myself, saying I had seen the picture in the journal. I think she must have imagined I was a prospective buyer, with a cheque book in my pocket, for she said if I liked I could go out at once and see her. But it was getting late, and my folks were expecting me. So I made an appointment for the next day, as I hadn't the nerve just to ask bang out for the address of the girl who had been modelled for the head; and then I went home.

Just before I got home, I recollected that for them this was an occasion, that they'd be sitting around waiting, my mother nervously happy, my father silently proud; and probably they would have got something special for supper.

I pulled myself out of my dream and played the returned hero, and we all drank each other's health. And I drank hers, wherever she was. Because I thought I was catching up on her.

We had lived in Hammersmith twenty years back when I was a kid. It was to the back gardens of a Hammersmith road that I had returned in those daydreams. So I had no difficulty in finding the road and the house, next day. Mrs. Margaret Shead was in a big place across a courtyard, working on some great piece of stone. Her housekeeper took me across. She had a scarf round her head and goggles on and was chipping patiently and rhythmically with a hammer and chisel.

"Here's Mr. Griffin," said the housekeeper.

The sculptor took off her goggles and shook hands. She had a kind, rather distracted face, and was grey-haired. The small courtyard was full of figures and pieces of stone. In the shed were wood carvings, and some bronzes like the girl. I wished I had a hundred pounds to buy something. I felt an awful fraud. I admired the work. In the end I got out: "It was that head of a girl, the one sold to the Chislingham Art Galleries. I saw this picture of it. I liked it."

"Oh, yes. It's unique," she said. "There was only the one, I'm afraid. I don't think I have anything quite like it. . . ."

"It was just," I said desperately, "that I wondered if . . . was it a real girl?"

She looked at me and got what I was after. She didn't reply at once, but looked thoughtfully past me; the suspense was maddening. Then she spoke. "Yes," she said. "It was. It was more than two years ago. Now let me see, I don't think I've had her since. . . . I can't for the life of me remember her name. A Mrs. Something. Mrs. . . ."

She did not know how many nails she was hammering into my hopes as she stood there saying "Mrs. Something."

"I was interested, because I thought I recognized her," I said. I had meant it for something to say, but as soon as I'd said it, I thought it was true. I did recognize her, in some strange way.

"Come into the house," she said. "I'll see if I've got the address."

I followed her in, and she rummaged about in an untidy old desk. I didn't see much hope of her finding it. And if she did, what was the use? Mrs. Something. I knew I was being a nuisance. But I must have had a desperate light in my eye, because, like all the men in the

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Travellers' chaperone

by LISA MOYNIHAN

Escorting brides is just part of his job. He also has to conduct tourists who hate being conducted

ONE DAY RECENTLY AN ARMY officer telephoned a Mayfair travel agency. "Can you send a courier right away to Italy to chaperone my fiancée home? I want no young Romeo, mind—an *old* man, please...."

During his fifteen years of shepherding people around Europe, Charles Mill has become accustomed to the unexpected request. Wondering if forty-eight was a suitably advanced age, he duly reported to the officer. "It was only when I told him that I was married, with two children of my own, that he agreed to give me the job," Mill says. "He was not only jealous, but as fussy as an old maid. I left with the most detailed orders—from carefully vetting his fiancée's carriage companions to seeing that she was supplied with English cigarettes. I imagined she must be as fragile and attractive as a Dresden china figure. I found, instead, a plain, extremely ordinary Italian girl."

In fact, Mill was highly relieved to find the officer—all anxiety—waiting on the quayside at Dover to greet her. "My duties wouldn't normally have ended until I had seen her safely in her London hotel—but the officer obviously hadn't had a moment's peace since I left."

But in a job which brings him in close touch with hundreds of people every year, Mill is more used to confidences than to suspicion. Before the war he was asked to chaperone about forty wives of naval officers and men from London to Villefranche, near Nice, where they were to be reunited with their husbands for four days.

"On the train from Paris I got a visit from a 'wife' who was, in fact, on her way to meet her fiancé. 'Nobody on the train knows we aren't married,' she explained. 'Will you arrange the wedding for us as soon as we arrive? But please don't tell a soul.'"

Mill promised he would not. Before the train reached Nice, two other women called with similar requests. Mill's problem was not how to get them married, but how to keep the three from knowing about each other. He called on the British Consul at Nice and told him the story.

"Tell them all to be here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning," said the consul cheerily.

"But couldn't you see them separately?" asked Mill loyally.

"No need," said the consul. "Once they're married they'll tell the world, and an hour or so either way won't make any difference."

Best Man Three Times

The consul was right, but Mill did not bargain for a final request from the girls: he was asked to be best man to the three bridegrooms. There was an awkward moment when he handed the ring to the first groom. "Not that one," whispered the groom. Mill produced a second. "Not that one, either," hissed the groom.

Mill has faced the music more literally. There was the year he chaperoned the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra on a European tour. "Sir Adrian Boult, the conductor, invited me to attend their daily rehearsals," says Mill. "I told him I knew nothing about music. 'All the best critics began by saying that,' he smiled.

"By the time we arrived at The Hague, my head fairly hummed with classical themes." Mill was greatly relieved when, at the concert given in the presence of Queen Juliana, he was told that it was impossible to get him a ticket. Mill was just planning a quiet two hours in a nearby café when he bumped into Sir Adrian. "What on earth are you coming out for?" he asked. Mill explained, and was about to pluck up courage to add that he did not really mind when Sir Adrian interrupted. "Nonsense! I shall see you in myself."

"He did," says Mill, "and one can hardly look a gift seat in the mouth—especially when you have a sincere admiration for the donor."

But Mill enjoys the "tour with a purpose," whatever extra obligations it may bring. Last year he chaperoned thirty American surgeons. Wherever they went he had to arrange for them to attend lectures and visit hospitals—and there was no escaping the shop talk.

Mysterious Stranger

"They were charming fellows," Mills recalls, "but all day long, and especially at meal times, they wanted to tell me about their work—in detail. One persuaded me to visit an Italian hospital to watch what he told me was a most unusual abdominal operation. I stayed for three minutes—all that I could stand."

Mill has earned a reputation for being on the alert. A year before the outbreak of the second World War, he was travelling to Nice when he noticed a tall, angular man with dark glasses peering at him from the corridor. "A few minutes later he reappeared, stared at me hard, then vanished. He did this several times, until I

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Charles Mill is off to escort an American party on a West Indies cruise. He is seen off at Victoria Station by Merrial Rendell, one of his firm's uniformed representatives

THE NAKED ISLAND (6) by RUSSELL BRADDON

We make prison look like home

Shower baths, "pressure-cooking," a theatre—with the typical British knack for making something out of nothing, Braddon and his fellow prisoners startled their Japanese jailers by transforming a bleak prison into a "home" with all mod. cons.

THE TRIP DOWN FROM THAILAND, like the trip up, was tedious. From Singapore station we were taken to Sime Road prisoner-of-war camp. There we stayed for several months, recuperating and licking our wounds after the rigours of our work on the Thailand slave-railway.

Nothing much happened at Sime Road. General Saito, who commanded us, ordered that all men should be able to count up to one hundred in Japanese, and that all orders on parade should be in the same language. Whenever he or his aide, Lieutenant Takahashi, appeared, we were all to shout *"Keirei!"* and stand up to attention and salute. Saito and Takahashi frequently did the rounds of the camp to enforce this rule. They, and Saito's pet monkey on a leash, became quite familiar sights to us; of the three, the only one we liked was the monkey.

Then one day the monkey on its leash leaped round the corner of a hut, and the first occupant who spotted it shouted, *"Keirei!"* realizing that Saito and Takahashi would be close behind. But, as the whole hut stood up and saluted, Saito and Takahashi were not close behind. They were, in fact, standing on the crest of a hill a hundred yards away. And what they saw was block after block of prisoners of war screaming *"Keirei!"* and saluting a monkey as it bounded down the lines. The implication was unmistakable. That night, Saito chopped his pet monkey's head off with his large Samurai sword, and next morning Takahashi issued an order that any other pet monkeys in the camp were to be destroyed.

The next event of significance was the collapse of Major Kevin Fagan, the Australian medical officer. Exhausted by fever and a year's superhuman effort on behalf of others, he suddenly folded up. It was on a brilliant morning that the story flashed round the paths and slopes and huts of Sime Road Camp. "Fagan's ill, unconscious. They say he's dying." And, if any proof were needed, that moment decided the greatness of the faith that the men of the railway had in the slim, greying M.O. To the fibro-cement room where he lay, from all over the camp, came an endless pilgrimage of soldiers bearing tinned food, money, oil, soap, clothes, all their most cherished possessions. "Brought this for the Major," they would say, "thought it might help," and then wander off.

Takahashi gazed astonished at our theatre.

Ronald Searle, who illustrates *The Naked Island*, was Braddon's fellow p.o.w. He drew this self-portrait while working in the Thailand jungle, where he almost died

Their Star Patient

For days his progress was followed with even closer attention than the B.B.C. news. When it was announced on parade that he was off the Dangerously Ill list, the ranks of men rumbled with pleasure. When he was first seen up and walking again, the camp gazed proudly upon him, as a hospital does upon its star patient. In the light of the total and inexplicable absence of official recognition, since the war ended, of his devotion to his men and his selfless courage to help them, it is pleasant to recollect that at Sime Road, when he fell ill, we were at least able to pay a small part of the tribute so long owed him.

The final event of importance at Sime Road was mail from home. It had come through the Red Cross and was sixteen months old. But it was from home. My friend, Hugh Moore, and I both received our first letters. Mine came from my sister. It said:

"Dear Russ,

Mum's puddings are still as lumpy as ever. Oodles of love from us all.

Pat."

I read it over and over. If the Japanese allowed only twenty-five words from our folk, then that letter told me all I wanted to know —that the family did not accept that I was "killed," as posted: that the old household jokes about my mother's cooking still flourished: that home was still home.

A lean figure leaned disconsolately against a post opposite me. "No mail, Dig?" I asked.

"Nope."

"Like to read this?" I offered, as casually as possible, because I knew the hurt that came when you got nothing on the Red Cross mail which arrived only once a year.

"Don't mind if I do," he said cautiously. I passed him the card. He looked at the address, at the Japanese frank, at the colour of the ink. Then, very carefully, he read it. And then again. "'Oodles of love,'" he said, "that's nice. That's a nice letter." A pause and then: "Pat's your sister, is she?" I nodded.

"What's your mother like?" he asked. I said tall and good fun, but a lousy cook. "Thought from that she might be," he laughed. "My old woman is, too. Trouble is she don't know it." For a few moments there was silence, then he said: "I'll get a letter some day, mate, don't you worry. I had a baby coming just when Singapore chucked it in. Got to find out whether it's a boy or a girl yet." He returned my card and strolled off. After a few yards he turned and shouted: "Thanks, mate, do the same for you some time."

Quite soon after that we were informed that

ILLUSTRATION BY RONALD SEARLE

"I gave permission," he said, "for a stage to be built—*not* a skyscraper." Behind him, Daltry turned on that vague smile of an English gentleman

all p.o.w.s in Singapore were to be concentrated inside Changi Jail. Once again we prepared to move. At least, we felt, we would meet a lot of friends.

Changi Jail was a modern prison, proudly surmounted by a gleaming concrete tower, which in its turn was surmounted by a radar screen which did not work, which in its turn was surmounted by a mast bearing the Japanese flag. It had been designed to hold 600 native felons, and to cater for their needs with a steam kitchen supplied by oil-burning boilers, and latrines with cisterns. The oil-burners no longer worked because there was no oil, the cisterns no longer worked because most such refinements, after a few years of Japanese use, usually don't.

The Miracle Builders

Into this ferro-concrete jail for 600, without sewage or cooking facilities, marched 7,000 men. To transform this ferro-concrete shell into a home they had the following natural or man-made materials to hand: rubber trees, coconut trees, a few augurs, some steel filing cabinets, palm oil, bamboo, barbed wire, an infinite capacity for stealing, and their own inexhaustible imagination. With these materials, and these only—for the Japs offered no help—they transformed the jail in a few days.

The oil-burning boilers were, by some sapper's miracle, changed into wood-burning boilers, and a wood-cutting party grubbed stumps out of the nearby swamps, split their iron roots into lumps and had fuel ready for the burning. Thereafter, with a good head of steam up—and the Royal Engineers always had a good head of steam up—the rice for our 7,000 was pressure-cooked in a matter of seconds.

At the same time the augurs were flung to work—a steel tripod twenty feet high, from the apex of which hung a shaft whose nose was a sort of triple shovel. Through the shaft ran a bar and on each end of the bar three men pushed . . . round and round . . . until that triple-shovel nose or bit at the end of the shaft was full of clay. Then haul it out, empty it, and start again. Working in shifts, the holes sank, one after the other, in every courtyard, forty feet deep. Those were our latrines—and, used in rotation, they never failed in their purpose.

And while hundreds of squads of six men in shifts kept the augurs turning; and while others carted away the raw-red clay that the augurs churned, and spread it where gardens were to be planted, or banks made, or ground levelled; and while the wood-cutters lugged logs into the cookhouse courtyard for the hungry maw of the R.E.'s boiler—while all this went on, others cut palm fronds and separated the blade-like leaves and hung them over thin saplings about four feet long. Enough of these, like flat grass skirts, and one could make a rain-proof roof or wall. They were known as "attap."

Rubber trees were chopped down for uprights and bamboos for roof-supporters; and barbed wire was straightened for bindings and its long spikes were shaped into nails. Then, with attap over and around the skeleton, huts quickly sprang into being—two or three in every courtyard. Huts 100 metres long, with earth floors.

Japs Were Surprised

So, by sleeping in the huts, by sleeping in the jail cells and on the safety screen that covered the well on each floor between the cells, and by sleeping in the corridors, every man found shelter. And the Japanese—who had looked sardonic as they herded so huge a number into so small a space with no facilities—were surprised.

But Changi had not finished yet—not by a long chalk. Parties that went out to work stole lengths of piping and, with it, showers were installed in each courtyard. And the Engineers made the wash basin taps work, by some weird magic known only to Engineers.

And, by stripping the hard spine out of the leaf of the palm frond and binding bunches of these spines together, birch brooms were made. Shorter lengths were stuck, in batsh, evenly

Allied p.o.w.s hold a service in the chapel they built in a courtyard in Changi Jail. These photographs were taken after Singapore was recaptured

Saito, the Japanese general who commanded the prisoners at Changi Jail. On his capture he was imprisoned there himself

clipped tufts, into a wooden head—stock with pitch torn off the roads—and hard brooms of first-class manufactured appearance were the result. Likewise were nail brushes for the doctors and medical orderlies made: and, with the softer fibre from the outside of coconuts, soft brooms and tooth brushes. And, with the palm oil and some potash from the boilers, and a complex machine made of empty drums and stolen pipes, soap was made. A cake of good, soft soap for each man in the jail, once a fortnight, to use under the showers.

And with the grass that grew, and water, and potash, and some trays cut out of the filing cabinets, paper was made to write on—very expensive, high-class paper, as is only to be expected when it is hand-made. And with the latex that came out of the rubber trees—latex which the Japanese regarded as useless because the wicked British Imperialists had destroyed all the coagulant as they retreated—with this some planters soled boots and shoes. They coagulated the latex—crudely but effectively—by urinating in it. A little sand added to the hardening fluid, and there was a tough sole for a shoe. With the same material, they devised a means of patching clothes—cotton having vanished from our lives—and of preparing an adhesive tape for medical dressings.

Made Own Clogs

And with the soft white wood of young rubber trees, those who had no boots fashioned them selves clogs, so that the jail's concrete corridors rang to their clip-clop all day and all night, and one came to recognize one's friends by their particular note and tempo—this especially when, later on, many men, because of vitamin deficiencies, became so blind that faces were indistinguishable to them.

Also, there was a workshop where the green filing cabinets were transformed into dixies and mugs and spoons. And another workshop where filing cabinets and rubber trees were wrought into artificial limbs—beautiful pieces of work which their owners (the hundreds of amputees from Thailand and Burma) preferred after the war to the products given them by a grateful government at home. These artificial limbs were light and moved without squeaking, and the young craftsmen who made them were happy to modify and modify until the stump of the leg fitted snugly and without chafing into the socket of the limb.

And one man made a small engraving machine which could be used to inscribe "Rolex Waterproof" on the back and face of even the cheapest watch, so that it became worth thousands of dollars on the black market. Another man, carefully, patiently, with infinite labour, contrived from nothing a small hand lathe—every piece in it he made himself. Then, on this lathe, he turned an exquisite chess set in bone, and General Saito saw it and demanded it as a present. The man refused. So General Saito suggested that the whole camp might suffer if the man did not give him this exquisite chess set. So the man gave it to him and used his lathe thereafter only for medical instruments and parts of wooden legs and things that General Saito would *not* fancy.

Smokers Pressed A Button

Meantime, every floor of the jail had been equipped with a small coil which, when one pressed a button, glowed red hot so that cigarettes (made out of papaya leaves wrapped in pages of the Bible) could be lit. The eternal search for "a light" was thus solved.

Finally, gardens were planted. An area of rubber outside the jail was sought from—and granted by—the now bemused Saito and Takahashi. It was cleared, terraced and planted. Wells were dug and pumps were made. Every day and all day an ant-like swarm of men pumped water and dug with changkols and tended the long rows of native sweet potato, the Ubi Kaya ("wooden potato," or tapioca), the papaya, the bayam. The life-giving green leaves (potato, bayam and aramunth—bitter and teeth staining) flourished. Two inches a day, they sprang up under Changi's unflagging care. And, added to our meagre diet, they helped to keep beriberi at bay and contain blindness within the lesser sphere of dimness.

Such was the background of our own domestic arrangements in Changi Jail. But, as they stand, they present a false picture. For the main theme of our life—dominating everything else—was the building of the aerodrome. For this, every day, the Japanese required every fit man. And thus, in the grey light of each dawn, every fit man marched round the girdle road between the jail's double encasing walls, out of the main gate, down past the jail, through the hospital lines, through a half-mile or so of bush (at which time the sky was just growing pink) and then—at the water's edge—on to the air-strip. A chaos of narrow-gauge lines from the water's edge, into which tailings were tipped from the skips, ran back to the bitten-out surface of a hill where men worked in thousands, nibbling away to fill the skips.

That bite out of the hill ran straight as an arrow its whole length, white-faced like the cliffs of Dover, until the hill curved and dipped. Then the bite vanished, only to start again a few hundred yards farther on, where the hill rose softly once more out of the marsh. It was 4,000 yards long, and the white clay and stone of that bite into the hill face, along with the pulverized flat of the air-strip as its foot, stretching sideways to the sea, glared and glittered sullenly in the unending heat. The thousands of men who worked there day after day, all week and every week, were black with the sun and this mirrored glare.

Weighed Only Five Stone

The amount of work from men who now weighed about eight stone instead of their usual eleven or twelve (and who sank to as low as five or six) was remarkable. The heat had no effect on them. They worked without headwear, they wore only G-strings, they ate less each day than international prewar scientists had declared to be the amount on which a man could continue to live, and yet they contrived to plug along for ten or twelve hours on end, shifting tons of obstinate tailings in that time.

In one respect they did suffer more than ever. Skin diseases, never given a chance, by sweat and rain and working in bogs, to dry up, became worse than ever. The doctor who treated me

took a tireless interest in my legs—especially the three-year-old holes in my foot which still refused to heal. He tried everything. He scalded them clean with water. He prepared a culture from the matter in my wounds and pumped it into me in ever-increasing doses, though always with the same ineffectual result. He scraped them clean till they all bled each day. He bound them up and allowed them to stew under the same dressing for a week. It made no difference. Always there were hundreds of nagging sores, and always they flourished.

Finally, he decided that a shock to the nervous system might clear them up. He produced a very large and not especially sharp hypodermic needle with its attendant syringe. He plunged the needle into the toughest vein in my right arm and drew out fifteen cubic centimetres of my precious blood. He then immediately rolled me over and, plunging the same needle into my reluctant thigh, pumped my still-warm blood straight back into me.

Fainted From Shock

Nothing could have been better calculated than this barbaric thrust to produce shock—nervous or otherwise. I trembled: I went grey: I felt sick: I saw three of almost everything: my head swam. Finally, I fainted. When I revived, my first thought was for my legs. They must, I was convinced, be cured. Eagerly I gazed down. From thigh to toe, they were covered in sores, and remained so for a year. After that terrifying experience I gave up the idea of further "treatments."

My circle of friends eddied a little and swelled. I worked each day on the aerodrome with Hugh, but as well there were those who shared the courtyard in which I now slept: a courtyard, whose space was mostly taken up by seats in the open air made out of coconut trees split down their centre and placed flat side upwards, and which housed Changi's prisoner-built theatre—the Playhouse. And with me there lived Sydney Piddington, the Australian who after the war became famous for his "telepathy" act, and with whom, like Hugh Moore, I had shared so much. Sydney was now wraith-like, but his smile was as wide as ever, for all that he weighed only seven stone, and he was consumed with a febrile energy which meant that life with him was never dull. Philosophy—"a philosophy of life"—and travel were his two main themes of conversation. Together we made many plans. His footsteps when he walked the corridors in his clogs were swift and sharp and impatient, like his voice with its stammer.

Ronald Searle's War

Another friend sharing that courtyard was young, blue-eyed Ronald Searle, the artist. He had left England with the 18th Division and travelled half-way round the world so that at the last moment, when all was already lost, he and his comrades might be flung into our tropic campaign in their English winter uniforms. Ronald's interest in things military seemed to have died on that day. His only interest thereafter lay in training himself to be an artist, so that when the war ended he might make his mark. He therefore drew assiduously, and criticized his own work mercilessly, from the first day of captivity to the last.

In Thailand, as a rapidly improving artist, he had proved himself a lamentable builder of railways. The Japanese were not slow to observe this fact, and beat him on the head many times. With the ingenuity of the born cartoonist and the unselfconsciousness of the true artist, Searle took to wearing a hat stuffed full of lalang grass. After that, when the Japanese beat him, he would sag a little but remain unbent.

Then the Japanese realized that he was an artist and commissioned him to draw them dirty pictures, giving him pencils and paper, and eggs to eat. He ate the eggs, and with the pencils and paper he drew everything but dirty pictures—thereby greatly irritating the Japanese but (he declared) much improving his economy of line.

A hospital ward at Changi. The walls and roof were made of palm fronds; the floor was earth

He fell ill in Kanchinaburi, a base camp on the Thailand railway, and when I saw him was covered from head to foot in a foul creeping skin disease. As well his innards were torn with dysentery and his left hand—his drawing hand—holed with ulcers. He lay in a coma. But whenever he regained consciousness, he would crawl upright and draw—with his right hand, since his left was useless. He should have lost that hand. He should have died—everyone thought he would. And now he lived in the courtyard and drew incessantly on the back of prewar prison records—economizing with his lines (whatever that meant) and evolving further atrocities for his schoolgirl cartoons.

As well as that he designed and painted the sets for all the Playhouse shows, which ranged from Coward to pantomime, and which in quality and production could easily have taken their place in any of London's West End theatres. Searle's fame today is no surprise to anyone who lived with him in Changi.

The Playhouse undoubtedly deserves more mention—there is not a Changi jail-ite who does not remember it vividly and with gratitude.

First, the building. Leslie Greener, when the 7,000 poured in to the jail, designed a stage. It was the perfect stage—broad and deep, with plenty of space for scenery to be flown above and for sets to be manoeuvred from the wings. Altogether, it was a very large building. He therefore drew his plan on a very small piece of paper. Relying on his mild deception, he submitted it for approval to Saito and Takahashi. They assented—on condition that no aerodrome workers were employed.

But Greener and company (mainly a gentleman called Daltry) had thought of this. A swarm of officers, young and old, swooped upon the courtyard, and in no time at all had graded it so that it sloped upwards away from where the stage would stand, and they then started upon the construction of the stage itself. From every quarter of Singapore, from every job the working parties did, materials were scrounged—galvanized iron, wood, wire, canvas, lights, screws, paint. The Engineers got to work, and suddenly, swiftly, up shot the scaffolding; round it went its clothing of galvanized iron; on to its floor went innumerable stolen boards; footlights and floods were fixed; the stage—forty feet high in all—was complete.

A Smile Works Wonders

Takahashi, gazing first of all at Greener's small piece of paper and then at this monstrous edifice, remonstrated mildly. "I gave permission," he said through our interpreter, "for a stage to be built—*not* a skyscraper." Daltry, at whom the remark was directed, merely smiled that vague smile which English gentlemen can smile but which means nothing. That was the kind of answer Takahashi understood and respected, so he went away without further complaint. The stage—henceforth to be known as the Playhouse—remained.

NEXT WEEK: Our secret radio breaks down—and Paddy the "burglar" comes to the rescue

Welcome to the Inn

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London W.1

COMING HOME

Continued from page 14

editorial offices, she was patient and kind.

"I must find it for you," she said, looking across at me.

In the end, she did. "This is it," she said, and I could see she was pleased to give it me. "I knew it was somewhere quite near. Coltman, that was the name."

I took the piece of paper she held out. "Coltman, c/o Green," I read, and the address startled me. I thanked her, apologizing for taking her time. She shook hands, telling me not to mention it.

"Goodbye, Mr. . . ., Mr. . . . Goodbye." She couldn't remember my name, either.

It was quite near here. I knew the roads; I found my way as if it was yesterday. You see, it was the road where we used to live. It was the road I used to play in, and the lamp-posts were ones I used to climb.

I was excited by this time. I was excited simply by the fact that I was on the last chapter. I had nearly reached my goal. I didn't think clearly what I was going to say. Coltman, c/o Green. The names meant nothing. All at once I felt the whole business was foolish. What did I think I was doing? Mrs. Something. How could I possibly explain?

And yet I went on. I couldn't stop myself. I passed our old house. Number 51 Buckeridge Gardens, Hammersmith, W.6, I thought. We used to chant it, my sister and I, both together, when asked where we lived. I had been proud when I could spell the first word, I remembered. I turned in at the gate of sixty-three. I went up the path, a path that had coloured tiles, mosaic-looking. Ours had had tiles, too, I remembered. I rang the bell. I hadn't thought out what I would do. Before the door opened, I almost turned and ran, as we used to do when we were teasing our neighbours.

She came to the door, and as soon as I saw her real face, her living face, her name dropped into my mind from the reaches of my childhood. Elizabeth Grey. Lizzie.

Coltman, c/o Green?

We looked at each other a long minute. There it was, the broad forehead and firm, solid face. I was not surprised Mrs. Shead had wanted to model it. It was that kind of face. There was something sculptured about it in real life, and the hair, fair brown. Thick, but short now. Why have you cut your hair? I wanted to ask.

"Elizabeth Grey," I said. I had not known her well—we had moved soon after they came; but she remembered.

"George . . . George . . . from up the road."

"Griffin."

"Yes. I haven't thought of you from that day to this," she said. "Come in. How nice to see you."

There were packing cases everywhere. I wondered if she were moving, and who else was in the house. It felt empty.

"It was this," I said, "made me come. Though I didn't recognize it was you."

I showed her the clean, fresh copy, with the picture in it. I could not yet reveal the mangled scrap which had gone through so much.

"Oh, yes," she smiled. "I had the copy. I . . . she . . . it was much too good-looking," she said. "You must have been disappointed." She looked at me, questioningly.

"No," I said. "The queer thing was realizing I had once known you. Mrs. Shead told me Mrs. Coltman, care of Green, so it meant nothing. Your name wasn't Green, anyway."

"My mother married again, you know. She was Green. When I was nursing her I had to find some kind of part-time work I could do when she was well enough for me to leave. Someone suggested being a model, said I had the face and so on, and gave me a name and address, and I wrote to the sculptor as Coltman, Mrs., because. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, it sounds silly, but I took it for granted it was a man. When I got there and found it was a woman, I thought I needn't have bothered. I somehow felt I should be more respected as a Mrs. I couldn't very well change it when I'd written to her. I don't really know why I took a different name at all, except that I felt a bit shy about the whole thing. And then she only wanted me for a head and shoulders!" She laughed, making me tea.

"And your mother, she's. . .?"

"Yes, she's dead now. I'm clearing up. I'm going to my sister's till I get a flat—you remember Nancy? This is too big. And the people are clamouring to get in, of course."

We caught up on twenty years of news, Elizabeth and I, sitting in the kitchen. Rapidly, like a kaleidoscope, I got hold of all that had happened, as it were, in my absence. School and offices and services, a fiancé killed, changing jobs after the war, and her mother's illness. I gave her what she didn't know of me; there didn't seem much. We might have been sitting at the bottom of the garden telling each other stories in the sunshine.

"I did wonder, now, if I'd try and get myself abroad," she said. "I'll be looking for a job."

I didn't offer her one on the spot, and no references wanted. No, I had all my leave, I had all my life, I felt. The longer I sat there talking to her, the more I saw my head of a girl. When I could no longer remember my head of a girl as something separate from Elizabeth, I would offer her the job, if she would take it. THE END

EIGHTY GIRLS AND A MAN

Continued from page 10

6.20 and 8.15 p.m. The girls were due to arrive at four and start rehearsal at four thirty. But the train was seventy-five minutes late ("we should have known") and it was five thirty before the girls were on the stage. "In half an hour," says Fielding, "Davies re-draped the backcloth, 'sized' the girls, and rehearsed them for a forty-five minute programme. They left for a meal at six, and the doors opened only ten minutes late. It was almost Guards-like efficiency."

Now the reputation of the choir is such that, when it visits a town for the first time, it almost always gets a full civic reception. In the City of London, the girls were introduced to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. That night the queue for their recital at St. Paul's stretched right round the cathedral and met its own tail.

The formula which brings home the bacon is "music you know and love." Most of the girls' songs are "old masters, first-class ballads of yesterday, and present-day ballads with good tunes," supplemented by items from opera, operetta, musical comedy and the films. The words should preferably be sacred, sentimental or philosophical, and "appropriate for young girls."

Conducts With Eyes

Fans like to watch the intense way the girls follow Davies. "They don't flicker an eyelid," says one. "He's got them right under his eye."

It is with his eyes, his eyebrows and an occasional lift of his hand that Davies conducts as he sits facing the choir, with his back to the audience. Thus, his face, mobile at all times, is squeezed into all manner of contortions.

Alan Malden tells how a man travelled from Weston-super-Mare to hear the choir at the Bristol Central Hall, only to find it full. Yielding to his entreaties, Malden arranged a seat at the back of the stage so that he faced the audience—and Davies. After the concert, Malden asked if he had been comfortable. "Fine, thanks," he said and, motioning to Davies, "it was worth a couple of pounds just to see that chap's face." And he pressed two pound notes into Malden's hand.

Davies introduces each song with a reminiscence, an anecdote about the composer or a few words about the singer. After he had announced that one very young chorister was going to sing her first solo, she broke down at the end of the first verse. Davies rose with perfect aplomb, immaculate in white tie and tails.

"I didn't say we were going to have more than one verse, did I?" he asked the audience. "But I think that one was so nice that we ought to have another." And he turned to the soloist. "Ready, dear?" She didn't break down again.

At other times he is downright sentimental, and asks the audience to bear in mind an invalid or a couple celebrating their silver wedding. He once announced, half-way through a concert at Lewisham Town Hall: "The girls are singing the next song especially for me—and as a tribute to my wonderful mother, who is on her death-bed." His mother died next day.

John Gibbs, a local newspaper proprietor, says: "People reading the news report said he did it only for publicity. It was nothing of the kind. These things come to him entirely unrehearsed."

Sang In Father's Choir

Arthur Davies was eight when he sang his first solo, in his father's choir at Round Green Methodist Church, Luton. He also studied the organ and piano, took conducting lessons, and occasionally conducted or accompanied his father's choir.

He remembers a discussion with his father when he was seventeen, in which he argued that choral music had been grossly neglected in England—"and I intend to do something about it." He formed a concert party of eight at Round Green to study problems of presentation.

When he was twenty-four, he was made master of the hundred-strong Wellington Street Methodist Church choir, which soon became the best in the district. In 1936, the mayor suggested that he should expand it into an all-Luton choir.

Davies agreed, but decided to leave out the boys because, as soon as they became useful singers, their voices broke. And so, in a hall holding only 240, the thirty-five members of the Luton Girls' Choir gave their first performance, in the blue dresses and red shoes which were to be their uniform.

Waldman Impressed

For years, before and during the war, they gave concerts in local halls. Their numbers gradually increased to eighty. By 1945, Davies thought that the girls had earned a reward, and looked round for a booking where they could combine one or two concerts with a week's holiday. He hired a 2,600-seat cinema in Weston-super-Mare after the first house on a Sunday night.

"I was determined to make that concert a success, and booked Ronnie Waldman as compère," says Davies. Every ticket was sold. Their work for charity done, the girls settled down for a week's holiday. But Waldman had been impressed by their singing.

A few weeks later, the girls were asked to accompany Richard Tauber in a series of programmes. "At first," says Davies, "I don't think Tauber was very keen."

One day, the girls were ending a rehearsal with Sir Landon Ronald's "O Lovely Night" when Tauber, whose band call followed theirs, walked in. He left a minute later, and the girls finished. Tauber did not return. Instead, he sent a note of apology: he had been so overcome with emotion at the singing of the choir that he was unable to take his call. After that, they were good friends.

Nowadays, the choir is offered so many concerts that Davies is able to accept only one in ten. There are two types of engagement. In the first, the choir's expenses are paid and the profit goes to charity.

Secondly, some commercial work is accepted, for which the sponsors pay expenses and a subscription to the choir's funds. This is to cover out-of-pocket expenses, the heaviest of which is dress. Girls have four concert frocks, a winter and a summer travelling dress and a heavy overcoat. Last year's dress bill was £1,300.

"They're not by any means a cheap organization to handle," says Harold Fielding. "There are eighty fares to pay, and their accommodation is about three times as expensive as that of ordinary showgirls."

On a two-day trip to Aberystwyth, Davies spent £32 a day on food, £90 for hire of coaches, and £35 for haulage of the staging. Though Davies does the day-to-day organization, finances are now controlled by a trust of four leading citizens of Luton.

For Davies, success in the entertainment world necessitated a complete reorganization of his agricultural business. From six forty-five in the morning till midnight he is busy with rehearsals, correspondence, new songs and all the paraphernalia of choir organization. The trustees have made themselves responsible for the extra staff needed to deal with the vast amount of work involved in running the choir.

Help—In Confidence

The rest of the fund raised by commercial appearances is used to compensate girls for the occasional time lost at work, and to help individual girls—in strict confidence—"to fulfil their cultural and professional aspirations." Any balance is given to charity.

Every month Davies receives between ten and twenty applications from girls around twelve years old for membership of the choir. Each applicant is given an audition, at which she sings a song of her own choice (she gets marks for the type of song she chooses) and is tested for sense of pitch and breath control.

But singing is only half the test. "I address them in gentlemanly fashion," says Davies, "and, being a psychologist, I can judge whether the girl is hard or mouldable. I want girls who will heed discipline without resentment. They must be loyal, sincere and adhere to Christian principles of life."

Months Of Rehearsing

Because of the number of applicants and the need to keep the total number steady at around 120, only about two girls out of thirty are accepted. The subscription is fourpence a week.

After many months of rehearsals, the best recruits start singing with the choir at concerts. Girls under fifteen have to be licensed by the local education authority. They are allowed to appear no more than twelve times a year, must be off the stage by 10 p.m., and must be chaperoned away from home by Mrs. Davies.

Davies periodically holds tests, at which he sorts the girls for timbre—woolly or resonant—puts them into groups varying from duets to octets, and picks out future soloists. To avoid jealousy, he never allows a soloist to sing an encore. "The other seventy-nine girls have worked just as hard," he tells the audience.

Girls leave the choir at twenty-three or marriage, whichever comes first. At their last concert, wherever it happens to be, each girl is presented publicly with a clock.

Besides demanding consistent attendance at rehearsals, Davies also insists that his girls must "practise the art of being first-class citizens, and ambassadors of the town they represent." They must never drink or smoke on tour. He teaches them to smile confidently when they meet strangers, speak in a refined manner and behave quietly—but not snobbishly. "I tell them not to be conceited. I could go into any town and form a choir just as good."

He is a strict, though unobtrusive, disciplinarian. "When a girl misbehaves," says twenty-year-old Elizabeth Evans, "he takes her aside and suggests she mend her ways. In the end, she believes she thought of it herself. He also gives us pep talks on good manners. Sometimes, when we all start talking at once, he shouts at us, but we just laugh. Sometimes we throw orange peel at him."

Beach "Wolf" Patrol

Davies is keenly aware of the dangers, both physical and moral, to which the girls are exposed. When they bathe together at the seaside, he makes them keep to a 200-yard strip of beach. He regularly patrols this, helping out girls who have attracted the attentions of local wolves.

For the future, Davies hopes to develop the technique already used by the choir's television unit of thirty, and have small groups stepping out from the main body of the choir to sing individual items. There is also a distant possibility of a foreign tour.

But Davies foresees no major developments. "I'm so busy, I just can't take anything else on," he says. "The trouble is, people expect us to be like professionals—and we're not."

Just before one broadcast, which they had been unable to rehearse with the band, Davies told the girls that the opening of their number came after sixteen bars' introduction, not after eight as previously rehearsed. The time came for the broadcast. After eight bars, Davies glanced at the mezzo-sopranos to reassure them. Unfortunately, they took it for a signal to start, and struck up by themselves. Davies waved his arms and pulled faces until they faded out, just before the whole choir was due to start. Then they all came in together.

That night, Davies went home thinking they had made their worst impression to date. When he met friends next day, they were unanimous with their congratulations. "Arthur," they said, "that was the finest entrance you've ever made." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I DO not remember this, my first bike—or I suppose I should call it a trike—but the picture was certainly taken in the garden of our house in St. Helens, Lancashire.

I was always mad about bicycles of all kinds, and one of my earliest memories is of racing down a hill which had a playing-field bounded by iron railings at the bottom. I had another boy on the crossbar, and I realized too late that this would stop me from turning the corner in my usual way.

Before I knew where we were, the bike had jammed into the railings and we were both thrown over the spikes and on to the grass. Strangely, neither of us was hurt.

My brother, nine years older than I, had a motor cycle, and I longed to be allowed to ride one. But when he had a bad accident, nearly losing a leg, my parents forbade me even to think about it. I was so keen that I disobeyed them, and at the age of twelve I took my savings of five shillings and clubbed together with two other boys to buy a broken-down old motor bike.

We got permission from a farmer to ride it in one of his fields. We made a track and took it in turns to see who was the fastest, timing ourselves with an alarm-clock. I won the first time, and was never beaten.

When I left school, I went to work in the Post Office engineering department, and on my sixteenth birthday told my parents: "I want a motor bike." Because of my brother, they were dead against it, and said they would not help me to buy it; if I wanted one I must save up for it myself. I stopped going to the pictures for nine months, and managed to buy a machine which was roadworthy.

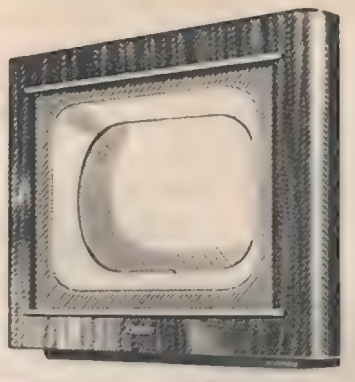
From then on, there was no stopping me. Motor bikes were my life. I joined the Army as a dispatch rider, and was kept as an instructor. There I met a lot of chaps who had been in T.T. races before the war, and they showed me the ropes.

So far (touch wood) I have managed to avoid anything serious in the way of accidents, and now my parents even come to cheer me on in races.

For the name of this famous sportsman, turn to page 30

LESS

CONTROL!



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TRAVELLERS' CHAPERONE

Continued from page 15

became quite uneasy." At last the stranger entered his compartment. He presented a card bearing a Russian name and the word "Bandleader." Then he asked if Mill wanted to make lots of money. Mill was by this time highly suspicious, but curious enough to be non-committal. The stranger left, but next day Mill had a phone call. He recognized the stranger's voice, now very urgently suggesting a meeting in an hotel in Monte Carlo.

Intrigued, Mill went. "I'd hardly got inside his room before he locked the door. 'In your position you have access to hotel books and so on,' he said. 'Here is £10 to begin with, and the names of a man and a woman. I would like you to visit the —— Hotel in Paris and trace whether their names appear in the register. Also, I would like a certain ship's passenger list when you get to England."

Mill refused the money, but out of curiosity called at the Paris hotel on his way back. The names were certainly in the register. A few days later, back in England, a series of telegrams arrived for Mill, asking if the information had been secured. He ignored them. "I still don't know if he was a spy, or a desperate husband wanting divorce evidence," says Mill, "but I have a feeling he was a spy. We couriers are obvious bait."

Girl Pickpocket

Sometimes Mill has turned detective. Last year, he was standing near a party of visitors outside Milan Cathedral, listening (for the hundredth time) to the guide. As his little party gazed dutifully upwards, an attractive girl joined the group.

"At first I thought she was just another stranger, trying to get our guide for nothing," says Mill. "I'm always on the look-out for that, because once my own party of thirty was swelled to more than 200 in that way, and those who had paid were pushed to the back. But, as she was on her own, I thought I'd turn a blind eye to it. Then I noticed her edge up to a woman who had left her bag unzipped. She was walking gracefully off with a note-case when I called a policeman."

But even the law-abiding can cause Mill trouble. "Those who aren't enjoying themselves are always the awkward ones," he says. There was the American on a three-month tour of Europe. On the train from Paris to Nice he began to grumble that he did not like conducted parties, and wanted to be independent. "When the train reached Dijon he got out, in his shirt-sleeves and with only a few hundred francs in his hand, to buy some lemonade. He got his wish for independence. Though I had warned him that the train stopped for only three minutes, he was left behind. It was nearly a day later that he arrived in Nice.

He Stayed Outside

"After that," Mill recalls, "he never mentioned a word about independence—but whenever we were on a sight-seeing tour of cathedral or museum he would stay outside. He became a familiar figure, sitting on steps puffing a cigar, and quite unconcerned with the swarms of little boys who would always gather round him with post-cards, books, beads and carpets."

One of Mill's regular tours now is with a party of Americans who like a "semi-educational" programme. Last year the leader stressed they did not want "the usual guide-book stuff."

Mill fixed in Munich a lecture on Marshall Aid ("like to know how your money is being spent?" was how he put it to them). At Wiesbaden he took them over a champagne vineyard, with appropriate celebrations afterwards. They visited Nuremberg, where they listened to the records of the trials being played, and saw the treasures Hitler and Goering had hoarded. Mill says he will have to rack his brains for next year's trip.

Officially, his biggest worries are arranging meal sittings on journeys, seeing that parties catch their trains, and making sure that their luggage is all intact. Sometimes, with large parties, he has to arrange for as many as five meal sittings on a train. "Everyone wants the first sitting, and I have to be scrupulously fair. Those who have early sittings on the outward trip get late ones on the way back."

Porters Know Him

Throughout Europe, Mill has his baggage problem organized. He is known by sight at all the large stations, and has only to lean out of a carriage window when they arrive to have porters rushing up. "Naturally I have tipped them well in the past, or I shouldn't get this service," he says.

Being a courier runs in the Mill family — his grandfather was one seventy years ago. Charles speaks fluent Turkish, French and Greek, and gets by with his Italian and Arabic. Before taking his present job he taught in almost every European country in a famous group of language schools.

"I really came back to England to settle down with my wife," he says, "but I'm away for nine months of every year. Once home, I never talk shop—and I forget about time."

Perfect timing is vital for a courier on duty. In fifteen years, Mill has made only one mistake. "It was before the war," he says, his brown eyes twinkling at the memory. "I had just seen a party off home for America from Cherbourg. At Caen I popped off the train to buy some cigarettes, and chanced to meet a colleague.

"I told him I was on my way back to Paris, and that my train left in five minutes. 'But it's going now,' shouted my friend. Without pausing to think, I leaped across the lines on to the moving train he was pointing at.

"It was the wrong train. The one I had travelled on from Cherbourg, and which still had my baggage, was standing next to it in the station." THE END

HAILED as the new-age Charlie Chaplin, Norman Wisdom has reached £500-a-week stardom with an artistry which springs from the days of his ragged-trousered childhood. The face which twists into countless caricatures, the pathetic character whom he affectionately calls "the gump"—these are really projections of himself when young. In next week's JOHN BULL, W. G. Greatorex tells the fascinating Wisdom story—the story of a genius who makes people laugh and cry, an inspired clown, who is now the . . .

LITTLE MAN ON TOP OF THE WORLD

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Dark Conspiracy

by JANE LANE

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By acting as messenger for the conspirators, Derrick was taking his life into his hands. And the message he was carrying now could be his own death warrant

TO DANIEL JOLLY DESPERATELY trying to balance his books at his chandler's shop in Hampstead village, the arrival of a well-paying lodger seemed a godsend. He was wrong, nightmarishly wrong. For within a few days, having learned that the lodger's business was a plot to kill King Charles II, he was cast into jail on a false charge.

Mr. Jolly had first grown suspicious when friends of the lodger (a wily Scotsman called Bardley) had greeted him by mistake with a secret sign: the unbuttoning of the two top buttons of their coats and the password: "Is all in harmony?" And next day, in the City, noticing the same sign and password being given in exchange for a street-seller's "special" broadsheets, he had taken the opportunity to acquire one himself. The contents were a queer jargon that baffled him.

His worries did not end there. Phoebe, his flirtatious daughter—widowed at an early age and now back under her father's roof—had found herself a new swain whom he liked. But the young man, Derrick Calder, was married already, unhappily; and, moreover, he was of a different class. His job was gentleman usher in the Duke of York's service.

Mr. Jolly was still brooding over this when his world turned upside down. Sent by his infirm old lodger to collect an urgent message he was petrified to meet the Duke of Monmouth—the king's own dissolute, illegitimate son. The Duke was drunk and spoke of treason. And on the way back, after being held up by a highwayman, Mr. Jolly learned what was in the message he was carrying—a plan for an armed insurrection in three days' time.

Mr. Jolly was a timid man, but he was a loyal one. In sudden, violent rage, he ordered his lodger to leave. And when, next day, the old man was ill, accompanied him himself in the coach to London. It was his undoing. The wily Scotsman, charging him with theft, had him thrown into jail.

There, for three days, Mr. Jolly languished, frightened, baffled, his mouth tight shut. When, surprisingly, his release came without trial, he knew what he had to do. There was only one man he could trust—Phoebe's beau, Derrick Calder.

PART 3

Derrick Steps In

ON an evening early in December, Derrick Calder rode up to Hampstead to keep a supper engagement with the Jollys. He had conceived a great affection for Phoebe's father, but her stepmother acutely embarrassed him. Elizabeth Jolly, having discovered to her disappointment that he was already married, made no secret of the fact that she wanted him to acknowledge the girl as his mistress and set her up in style.

Mrs. Jolly did not actually say this, but she

As Derrick edged forward to get a glimpse of the figures in the room, the light fell full on his face. He stepped back quickly into the darkness

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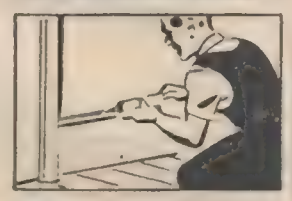

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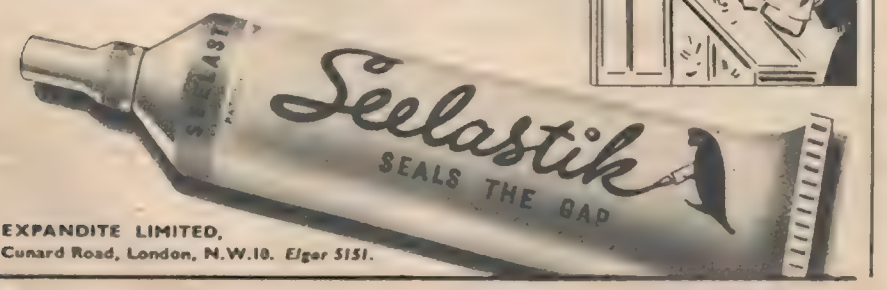

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made it plain that, it being quite the fashion for gentlemen to "keep," she expected Derrick to rent some expensive lodging for Phoebe, preferably in the vicinity of the Court, so that her stepmother could boast of it to her neighbours. It was in vain for Derrick to try to convince Mrs. Jolly either of his own poverty or of Phoebe's distaste for such an arrangement; Elizabeth had a habit of simply disregarding facts which did not fit in with her own romantic notions.

This evening, however, his business was not with Phoebe nor with her stepmother. He had come to see Mr. Jolly. The chandler had sent a message asking Derrick Calder's aid, and Derrick had seized the very first opportunity to escape from his Court duties and ride up here.

AFTER supper, when the two women, bundled in their cloaks and accompanied by Ned the 'prentice and his lanthorn, had taken themselves off to their gossip, the two men lit long clay pipes provided by Mr. Jolly and for some time smoked in companionable silence. Indeed, Derrick was just coming to the conclusion that the old chandler had had second thoughts about confiding in him when Mr. Jolly spoke up.

"My daughter Phoebe has no doubt told you I have somewhat to ask your advice on," he said gruffly. "I must let you know, sir, that not long since I—I chanced upon a paper the which I strongly suspect to be writ in cipher; knowing nought of these things I kept the paper by me and have it yet. Only as a novelty, you understand me, sir."

"Why, 'tis quite natural you should keep such a thing," said Derrick soothingly. "It would divert me if I could glance at it, for the study of cryptograms has been a pastime with me since I was a boy. Not that I seek to pry into what may be your personal affair," he added carefully.

"I assure you, 'tis no affair of mine, none in the world," replied Mr. Jolly hastily. "In truth, I believe I ought to have destroyed this paper, or let it lie where I found it."

"Sir," said Derrick gravely, "rest assured that anything you say to me in this matter, or anything you may show me, shall go no farther than this room. You have my word on that."

Mr. Jolly retired upstairs, returning after a minute or two with the sheet given to him by the street vendor, which he handed to Derrick.

Having unfolded the paper and begun to read, Derrick forgot for the moment his host's strange manner, as he became engrossed in his favourite hobby.

He read and re-read for some moments in silence, then, desiring pen and ink, drew out his tablets and began to make some notes. His own voice held a note of excitement as, at last, he looked up and said:

"This is enciphered by one of the methods used often during the rebellion against King Charles the First. The message contained is this-wise: 'Meetings will be held tonight at the Young Devil, Fortune and Horse Shoe. Those with arms to convey to go to the Horse Shoe. All at eight of the clock.' And that is all."

There was a short pause. Then, leaning a little forward, and speaking with great earnestness, Derrick said:

"Master Jolly, I would not press you to disclose to me what may very well be no concern of mine. Yet I must tell you that I like not this message, and in particular that word 'arms.' If you think I might assist you with the benefit of my experience, humble though it is, of living upon the verge of the Government and the Court, I believe you would be well advised to tell me where you obtained this paper."

"I got it from a ballad-monger," said Mr. Jolly, speaking with reluctance. He paused for a long minute, and then, obviously deciding to take the bull by the horns, he drew a deep breath and poured out the whole story.

"'Twas then, sir," exclaimed Daniel, coming to his first reading of the mysterious document, "'twas then that I knew into what kind of a company I was fallen, and what rogues I had entertained, Mr. Calder. I straightway ordered Master Baillie to leave my house, and having in my indignation let fall some talk concerning treason (or some such, I remember not precisely what I said), I suppose this Master Baillie thought me altogether too knowing, and so by a trick had me clapped up in the manner with which you are acquainted."

It had taken a long time in the telling and the fire had burned to a dim glow before the tale was finished. Derrick was far more disturbed than he cared to let the old chandler see.

"What date did you say this plot was to be set in action?" he asked softly.

"Why, I read it was to be upon the nineteenth of November."

"And what date were you cast into jail?"

"Upon the seventeenth. And I was released upon the twentieth."

"Then, Mr. Jolly, it seems pretty clear that you were put there by persons who were afraid that you might blab. They wanted you out of the way until such time as their plans had been put into action. These plans having gone awry, you were no longer a danger to them and so you might have your liberty."

They stared at one another in silence for a moment and then Derrick leaned forward and prodded Mr. Jolly with the stem of his pipe.

"Did they go awry, Mr. Jolly, or were they postponed?"

He sprang to his feet, excited as a schoolboy. "We must have proof and we must have witnesses, but I believe with you, Mr. Jolly, that there is some very nasty business afoot and I am not going to rest until I have nosed it out!"

FOR the next week, Derrick employed all his off-duty time in strolling about the city and scrutinizing every ballad-monger, bookwoman and vendor of broadsheets he met. The sole result of such diligence was the collecting of an enormous number of ballads, sentimental, jolly and obscene, and an equal quantity of assorted pamphlets. Before he bought any of these, he took care to catch the seller's eye and to go through the pantomime of unfastening and refastening the two top buttons of his coat. The street-sellers' reaction to this varied with their character, some advising him on the best way of ridding himself of lice, certain females directing him to the nearest

NOW YOU KNOW

BAD posture causes backache and nagging pains. The answer is to stand tall and sit tall. Deep breathing helps, too.

Bend your elbows level with your shoulders, thumbs against chest. Carry your hands back as far as possible, breathing deeply. Bring them forward as you breathe out. Move slowly and consciously. Twenty times night and morning before an open window gives a fair amount of exercise.

Whenever you lift anything heavy, bend your knees. Sit at right angles and breathe deeply at all times, with your shoulders back.

"I say, that was quite a tear-jerker, wasn't it?"

bawdy-house, others taking no notice at all.

But one day, walking through St. Paul's Churchyard, picking his way round the enormous heaps of stones and the busy crowds of sawyers and masons employed on the rebuilding of the cathedral, he saw, amid the idlers lounging round a music-shop, a fellow distributing handbills. He approached the man and was about to make the secret sign when he perceived that the fellow was blind. For some reason quite unknown to him, this discovery made Derrick more obstinate in his purpose even than before, and, getting as near as he could to his quarry in the throng, he asked in low but distinct accents: "Is all in harmony?"

The instant response made Derrick's heart beat fast. The answer came pat: "In harmony and liberty," and, drawing a paper from the bottom of his pile of bills, the fellow fumbled it into the other's outstretched hand. Guided by his stick, he hastened away before Derrick could detain him.

It was not until his chamber door was locked behind him at home that Derrick trusted himself to look at the document. A first glance brought his hopes tumbling, for there seemed to be nothing cryptic about it. It was one of those advertisements drawn up by the quack doctors familiar enough since the time of the Plague. This particular quack, Dr. Amos Bendigo, who was to be found "from three o'clock in the Afternoon 'till nine at Night at his Lodging in St. Martin's Lane in the Fields, at the Sign of the Green Posts over against the Head-dressers," professed, like all his colleagues, to cure by the use of simple pills leprosy and cancer; he had his own infallible remedy for the pox; he was expert in astrological predictions, divination by dreams, and palmistry; and he did not consider it beneath him to prescribe beauty treatment for ladies.

Derrick's knowledge of the art of cryptography was considerable, and therefore he knew at once that, as the writing made sense and the letters were not jumbled together, it was not a key-word cipher, nor a simple substitution, a double substitution, a two-step, a transition, or a combination. Suddenly he remembered from his boyhood days a very simple but effective method called "the grill." He spent the next half-hour with penknife, a measure, and a blank sheet of paper, and presently laid the latter, now pierced with holes at regular intervals, over the quack's bill. After a few moments' study, he cried aloud with triumph; for he saw that at last he had broken the cipher.

There it was, the message all clear, one letter after another appearing through the holes in the blank sheet. Derrick read it with a growing excitement:

> Friends in harmony are invited to attend, according to the Directions given at the foot of this Bill, at the hour of half-past Nine in the Evening, upon the twenty-first instant. They are further invited to bring with them any Honest Man who is a Friend to Liberty and is desirous of hearing Good Tidings.

It was not difficult to find the Green Posts, for a newly painted signboard, set flat against the wall in accordance with the new regulations, proclaimed it. It was a tenement, with a fashionable head-dresser's occupying the ground floor, a coffee-house the second, and presumably lodgings above. There was nothing to indicate the whereabouts of the quack doctor, until Derrick spied a narrow alleyway running down the side of the building, and, entering the mouth of this, he saw that above an outside staircase, so steep that a rope handrail had been put up, there swung under a lanthorn a board which had the Signs of the Zodiac painted crudely upon it. Here, evidently, was his destination. Squaring his shoulders, he climbed the stairs and knocked briskly upon a door at the top.

After a moment the door was opened a crack, and the head and shoulders of a seedy-looking individual, wearing one of those tall hats affected by astrologers, and with a candle in his hand, appeared in the opening, and a voice, accompanied by a stink of brandy so strong that Derrick involuntarily withdrew a step, demanded his business.

"Is all in harmony?" asked Derrick in a whisper; and began to undo the two top buttons of his coat.

The man mumbled something, withdrew a chain from the door, and, opening it wider, beckoned Derrick within. Here, it seemed, was Dr. Amos Bendigo in person, a bizarre figure in a gown embroidered all over in gold with astrological signs, a long chain round his neck from which depended a bunch of tarnished charms, and a pair of steel spectacles balanced upon his nose. He shuffled ahead of his visitor down a dark and evil-smelling passage, and ushered him into a chamber already occupied by some dozen or so men. Then, without a word, he withdrew.

Left stranded, Derrick propped himself against the wall, the few chairs being requisitioned, and viewed the company, all of whom had ceased their talk at his entrance but now resumed it. They were a curiously assorted bunch; one or two looked like respectable shopkeepers or small craftsmen, others were plainly apprentices, the rest might have been anything from a disguised lord to a chimney-sweep. Some talked in groups, but here and there a solitary figure sat or stood apart, and these all had the same air of nervousness. Here, thought Derrick, were new recruits, the "Honest Men" who had come to hear "Good Tidings."

Edging his way towards one of these solitary figures, he smiled, and said in an undertone: "Methinks you are as strange here as I am, friend. I know no one in this room, nor what is expected of me."

The man's eyes shot up at him, then immediately dropped.

"I'm told there's a bit of money in it," he mumbled, "and being out of a post at present, I'm willing to give anything a trial. I——"

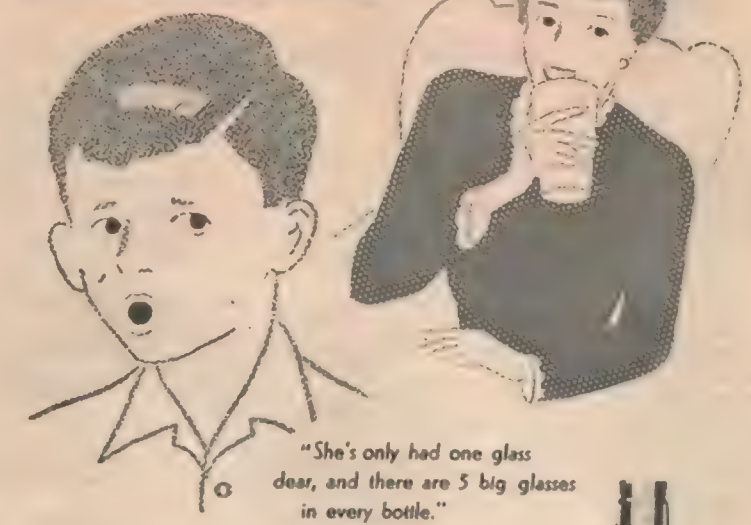
He broke off abruptly, as an inner door opened; a man's figure was outlined for a moment against the light from within and one of the company who stood nearest slipped through into the other apartment, and the door closed again.

Time went by until at last it was Derrick who was standing nearest to that inner door, and who, in response to a signal from the half-seen person within, walked inside and heard it shut behind him. He found himself in a small and extremely stuffy bedchamber.

A tent-bed took up most of the space, leaving room only for a small table and two rickety chairs. The only other person in the room motioned Derrick to sit in one of the chairs, and sat himself down on the other before the table.

He was an old man, well over sixty, a little stooped, but with something soldier-like in his bearing, and with the brightest black eyes Derrick had

"How long is Auntie May staying? She's drinking my Cydrax . . ."



"She's only had one glass dear, and there are 5 big glasses in every bottle."

"I suppose she'll want another one!"

Of course she will! — she has a taste for the good things in life! Doubtless the clean, clear, *thirst-quenching* tang of those famous Devonshire apples has something to do with its zestful reception . . . but *whatever* the reasons for its popularity, one thing is certain . . .

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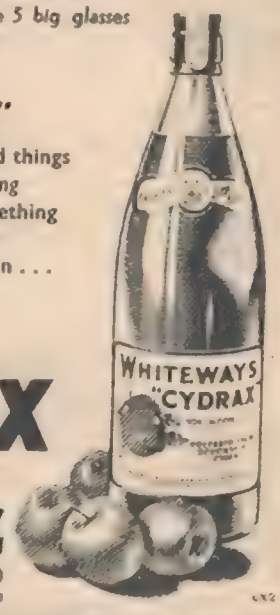

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A point that we tend to forget;
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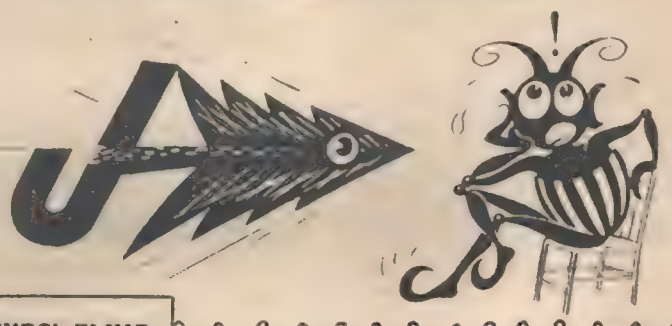
For Humans is swell,
For us it's our biggest threat yet".



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ever seen. A scar, having the appearance of a sword-cut, slightly lifted one lip and ran up under his unfashionable moustachios almost to his brow; these moustachios were snow-white, and so was his short, wiry hair.

In this first scrutiny of him, Derrick found him oddly familiar. He had seen that face somewhere, those fanatical eyes, that disfiguring scar, those heavy military moustachios; but there was no time to ponder on the familiarity just now, for the man was beginning his questioning and Derrick needed all his wits about him.

"Who sent you here, friend?"

It was the question which, of course, Derrick had anticipated. He answered glibly:

"Sir, there you have me at a disadvantage. For the friend, or rather acquaintance, who made known to me this meeting, by showing me the handbill you wot of and explaining to me how it was enciphered, did so in his cups, and therefore, by your leave, I must suppress his name, since otherwise he might incur your displeasure."

IT was a somewhat weak explanation, but the best that Derrick had been able to invent. The man continued to stare at him, and snapped: "And what is your way of thinking?"

"Why," answered Derrick blandly, "I am a great lover of liberty and the Protestant faith, both of which I perceive to be in some peril at this time."

The other nodded briefly, drew towards him a sheet of paper, which seemed to contain a kind of list, and said: "Let me hear your name and occupation."

"My name, sir," said Derrick, "is Hill, Simon Hill, at your service. I am a gentleman of good estate in the county of Sussex, but at present am on a visit to London."

"Where do you lodge, Mr. Hill?"

"There, again," answered Derrick with a rueful smile, "I am at a disadvantage to give you an answer, for you must know that my sole remaining kinsman is a rich uncle, and when I come to town I needs must stay at his house, for if I did otherwise it would mad him, and you can scarce blame me for humouring one from whom I have great expectations. This uncle of mine is deep in love with the Divine Right of Kings and other such outmoded tyrannies, and if he knew I had come hither tonight would certainly cut me out of his will. Therefore, under your favour, I think it necessary to keep his name secret."

"Yet if you join us," objected the other, "you needs must have some place where we can communicate with you." He considered for a moment. "Ere you take your leave tonight, if our talk hath proved fruitful I will give you the name of a tavern where you must call daily for letters and messages which may be sent you as need arises."

Derrick acquiesced readily in this arrangement, and, the preliminary examination of the recruit having passed off satisfactorily, the man set himself to explain the reason for the gathering tonight.

The first part of his harangue was tedious and disappointing in its vagueness; Derrick had heard the same thing a hundred times before, or read it in the Whig tracts. It was the old, old story of a tyrannous king, a Papist heir, free men repressed, parliamentary privileges ignored, proud prelates trampling upon liberty of conscience, patriots persecuted or neglected, and the kingdom groaning under manifold abuses.

But at length, the speaker warmed up. "We have tried," he went on, "every lawful means for overthrowing the designs of Charles Stuart and his brother against our religion and our liberty. All, as the country knows, without effect. Therefore one course only remains to us, and that is to band together all true friends of liberty and the Protestant faith, and, when the time is ripe, to make a bid for the Good Old Cause by armed revolt both in London and the country."

"And you think we may succeed, sir?" asked Derrick anxiously.

For the first time the other permitted himself a slight, sardonic smile. "Mr. Hill," said he, tilting back in his chair and folding his arms across his breast, "we are a band of brothers, owning no man our master upon earth, but resolved to make this kingdom into a republic again, ay, and keep it so, without government by a single person, House of Lords, bishops, or any other tyrant, believing all men to be equal before God, and needing no magistrates or priests. This we are upon is a crusade, sir, no less; the might of Jehovah is with us, and we cannot fail."

Derrick said nothing for a moment, absorbed in a new discovery. For what he had just heard had given him a clue to the stranger's identity; that hot republicanism, that levelling talk, all combined to inform him where he had seen that scarred face and those fanatical eyes before. They had stared at him from many a tract and broadsheet during his youth, and they belonged to Major Wildman, Wildman the Leveller, a soldier in Fairfax's Life Guards, arrested for plotting against Cromwell, arrested again soon after the Restoration for republican plots. Curious that such a man should be a leading figure of a conspiracy which, if Derrick's suspicions were correct, was an attempt to place the Duke of Monmouth on the throne.

"Sir," said he, realizing that his cogitations had made him silent, and that Wildman was looking sharply at him, "all that you have told me hath filled my drooping heart with a new hope. I protest, that if there is aught I can do to further your righteous aims, you have but to command me. My fortune, alas, consists chiefly in land, yet if there is any other way in which I can be of service, I beg that you will let me hear it, and assure you I shall not be backward in assisting you to the limit of my powers."

AS Derrick made his speech, Wildman's face had fallen a little, and now he said gruffly:

"I had hoped you might be able to aid us with money, Mr. Hill, for this is a commodity in which we are somewhat lacking at present. However, you have, I observe, a smooth tongue in your head, and it may be that we can use that to win over others. For the present, hold yourself in readiness to attend upon any command we may think fit to bestow, and call daily, if you please, at the Young Devil Tavern by Temple Bar."

Wildman rose, jerking his head towards the waiting-room. "I have many yet to interview," said he. "Pray, one last word, Mr. Hill; you will, if you are wise, keep a close tongue in your head concerning all you have heard and seen this night and likewise all that you may hear and see in the future. If you do not, you will regret it. We are engaged upon the Lord's work, sir, and will stomach neither traitors nor those who cannot keep a close tongue."

Derrick walked homewards in the highest fettle. He would be watched closely, of course, held at arm's length, perhaps for a time, and until he had committed himself by actually partaking in treason, would scarcely be trusted with the inner counsels of the gang. There was always the risk that they might happen upon his real identity before he could go to the authorities with proof of the reality of the plot. There was also the counter-risk that if the Government chanced upon the scent of the conspiracy before he had informed them of it, he might find himself implicated; either way he stood an excellent chance of losing his life.

But his mood was exultant; he was hot upon the trail of treason; he had made a promising start; and while he risked only his own neck in his investigations, he was resolved to pursue them to the end.

Derrick had to wait nearly a week before any word from the conspirators arrived for him at the Young Devil Tavern. Then, one day, the landlord handed him a thick packet.

Hardly able to curb his impatience, Derrick took home the packet and locked the door of his room.

Enclosed within the letter to himself there was another, sealed only by a wafer; it bore no inscription, and for the moment he put it aside. His own seemed to be a letter of business from one merchant to another, but when he had fashioned another "grill" he discovered that it contained the following instructions:

> You are to deliver the Enclosed, without loss of time, to my Lord Grey at his house of Up Park near Chichester. You, being a Sussex man, doubtless will know it. You will stay for an Answer, and, returning post haste, will put it into the hands of Mr. Shephard, a wine merchant, at the Sign of the Bunch of Grapes in Abchurch Lane leading out of Lombard Street.

Having deciphered his own instructions, Derrick's attention turned to the letter he was to deliver to Lord Grey.

The wafer seal bore no impression of a signet. It would not be difficult to reseal. Carefully splitting the wafer, he spread open the paper on the table before him. The code in which it was written was difficult, but after a few hours' work, and haggard with exhaustion, he was at last able to read it.

> All here are agreed that Ferguson must be recalled, and this without loss of time. Unity is not to be had without him, and delay becomes more dangerous as our Forces grow. If those in the Country be not yet ready, we cannot stay for them as we did in November, but make sure of London first. It must be done when the Blackbird and the Goldfinch are next at Newmarket, which will be in March, for then will the most of the Guards be with them. Argyll has won over Melville and some other great ones, but still insists that the English rise first and likewise that they pay for the Scots rising; he demands 30,000*l.* and the loan of 1,000 horse. In London we have sufficiency of arms, but let us know without fail what strength of them there is in Sussex; we are seeking the same information from Rowles, Drake, Young and Courtney in the several parts for which they are answerable.
>
> Some arms are promis'd from Holland, but Shaftesbury is very sick and his condition is such that we fear to rely upon him. Russell is sure of the Western Counties, and we make no doubt of having Cheshire. We would have you note that 'tis the Opinion of all in London that the General Point cannot succeed unless the Lopping Point be undertaken first. Yet many here will have assurance first that the Duke cannot turn round on us when 'tis done, and we look to you to bind him to it.

DERRICK went about his duties at Whitehall that day with the feeling that he had on his shoulders a burden almost too heavy to be borne. The extent of the conspiracy, as gathered from this letter, terrified him; Scotland and the country parts were to rise simultaneously with the disaffected in London; arms were promised from Holland; old republicans like Wildman had allied themselves with respectable Whigs such as Russell; the vain and ambitious Monmouth was hand-in-glove with those who conspired an armed rebellion; the thing was to be done when the "Blackbird and the Goldfinch" (obviously King Charles and his brother) were at the Newmarket races and London left unprotected by the Life Guards who accompanied them.

It was not difficult to guess now, thought Derrick with a shudder, at the meaning of the "Lopping Point." Yet was it possible that even Monmouth would stoop so low as to connive at a plot to assassinate his father? The only comfort Derrick could find from his reading of this letter was that he himself had some little time in which to seek for solid proof of the conspiracy, since the month mentioned for striking was March, and it was now only the end of December.

Old in his experience of the Court, Derrick was aware that for him to lay information at this juncture would be useless and perhaps disastrous. Throughout the reign there had been nothing but real plots and sham plots; the King was heartily sick of them. He would not listen, Derrick was convinced, to any talk of a fresh conspiracy unless the most convincing proof, with chapter and verse, were produced. Especially if such a conspiracy seemed to implicate his beloved son, Monmouth. And even if he did, if an investigation by the authorities were undertaken straightaway, only the small fry would be caught; the great ones, the managers, would wriggle out. If, for instance, Derrick produced the letter to Lord Grey as proof, Wildman might hang for it, but Grey and his noble friends simply would disown any knowledge of it. No, the lone investigator must travel yet farther on his perilous path before he could share the intolerable burden of his knowledge with those whose duty it was to expose and punish treason.

Derrick arrived at Up Park, Lord Grey's country seat, some days later, just as the early dark was falling, tired after a thirty-mile ride over roads which

OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*

THE HUMAN MACHINE

How old's old?

WHEN do we grow old? At sixty, seventy, eighty? Not at all. Age doesn't matter. We grow old only when we cease to be interested in the people and things around us.

We begin to be old the moment we cease to learn. We *are* old the moment our minds cease to be alert. Keep up your enthusiasms and you will never really grow old. That's one of the secrets of youth.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Contradiction in Therms

IT ISN'T a good cooker when dirty burners are reducing heat and wasting gas . . . or when you delay cleaning the oven . . . and don't wash the grill! It isn't a good cooker when you use more gas to do the cooking than need be — *and it costs more, too!*

IT IS a good cooker when you keep the burners so clean they give full heat without waste . . . when you spend a few minutes wiping down the oven while it's still warm . . . or when you give the grill an occasional bath in hot soapy water! It is a good cooker when you make the most of the gas you burn — *and it costs less, too!*

IT ISN'T good cooking when you keep the vegetables boiling with the gas full on . . . when you forget to regulate the oven . . . or when you don't realise it's sheer waste to let the flames "flare up" round a saucepan. It isn't good cooking when you have to burn extra gas to get your cooking done—*and it all goes on the bill!*

IT IS good cooking when you turn down the gas as soon as the vegetables start to boil . . . when you adjust the gas so that the tip of the flame just touches the bottom of a pot or pan . . or when you use the oven-heat control properly. It is good cooking when you use gas sensibly — without wasting it — *and keep the gas bills down!*

Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.

GAS

ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

were deep in mud and in parts flooded. The great house blazed with light, and from the sounds which issued from it, it was clear that the Christmas festivities were still in full swing.

He found the stables without much difficulty; but there was not an ostler to be seen. Rubbing down his tired horse himself, he found water, oats and clean straw, and in due course walked over to the house. He waited in the hall, and presently a richly dressed man came towards him. He had a swarthy face, heavy-lidded, slightly protuberant eyes and a sensual mouth. This was Forde, Lord Grey, whom Derrick had seen sometimes at Court, but not lately, for my lord had been prosecuted last month for abducting his wife's sister, and was in disgrace. His condition at the moment, though suggestive of heavy drinking, was controlled, and the eyes that scrutinized Derrick were alert.

"You are the gentleman from London, I suppose," said my lord curtly. "Where a-devil have you been all this time?"

"Attending to my horse, my lord," replied Derrick in the same tone. "I was bidden carry this letter to you, and to await an answer."

"You know me, it seems," said Grey softly, "and for the matter of that I have seen you somewhere before. I cannot call to mind the occasion, yet I am sure your face is familiar."

"'Twas with hawk and hound, very likely," said Derrick, outwardly smiling, inwardly uneasy. "I am a Sussex man, my lord, from another part of the county, and employ much of my time in field-sports. Will your lordship please to take the letter?"

GREY stretched out his hand for it in silence. There was an unpleasant moment when he turned the letter over as though looking to see if it had been tampered with. But he only said to Derrick, with his enigmatic smile:

"I foresee that the reading of this may occupy some time. I have guests, as you may have gathered from the sounds yonder, but will not trouble you with their company, for truth to tell, they are somewhat foxed. If you will bide here, sir," he added, opening a door next to that from behind which came the sounds of revelry, "I will have refreshment brought you. I think you did not tell me your name?"

"Simon Hill, at your lordship's service," replied Derrick with a bow.

"Hill," repeated my lord, ushering Derrick into a pleasant chamber in which a fire of beech-logs was burning on the hearth. "H'm, it doth not recall to me where we met before. But 'tis of no consequence. You will excuse me now, Mr. Hill; I shall not detain you longer than is necessary."

He went out and closed the door, and Derrick, listening intently, heard him enter the adjoining room. But when that door closed also, there was silence; not even a murmur of voices came to him, for the mansion was old, well-built, with thick walls. He waited, thinking hard. Presently a drunken steward staggered in with a tray of cold goose and buttered ale. Directly the man had gone, Derrick turned to an examination of the window.

It was essential to make every effort to overhear the conversation which must be going on in the adjoining chamber, and he dared not go out and listen at the door for fear of being caught.

As quietly as possible, he opened one of the casements, climbed out, and found himself upon a terrace. Keeping himself flat against the house-wall, he crept along until he was come to the window of the adjoining room. The curtains were almost fully drawn back and he edged forward to get a glimpse of the figures in the room. As he peered in, the light caught his face, and he stepped back quickly into the darkness. But by pressing his ear close to the glass at the side of the window, he found that, when the voices within were raised, he could make out what was said.

There was one voice which was raised in a high, petulant tone whenever it spoke; this he had no difficulty in recognizing as the Duke of Monmouth's; another with a slight stutter he identified as belonging to Baron Howard of Escrick. Neither of these two was speaking at the moment, so that for some time all that Derrick could hear was a confused murmur, until suddenly Monmouth cried:

"Wildman only repeats Shaftesbury's lies when he brags of London being ready!"

It seemed as though someone tried to soothe him, for next moment he retorted:

"Don't fox me with that stuff. Ferguson is Shaftesbury's spaniel, as I very well know, and for the matter of that, there's scarce a man in the business who is not my unfriend. Wildman, Walcot, Holms—what were they but Cromwell's officers, no friends to a king, but hot republicans. And you likewise, Will Howard, protest how you will!"

"James," snapped Grey's voice, suddenly raised, "don't talk like a fool. When the blow is struck, you must needs be the rallying-point and refuge for us all, for. . . ."

He lowered his voice again, and Derrick could not hear the rest. Then:

"Not the Lopping Point, Forde," cried Monmouth unsteadily. "Speak not of that. If the Lopping Point must be undertaken, let it be the Goldfinch only that is snared. I can manage the Blackbird and he the kingdom, and when he dies I shall get the throne without any more blood."

"Lower your voice, for God's sake," snapped Grey harshly. "Not all my servants are to be trusted, and such shouting out of treason may hang us all."

SO again there were only stray words and phrases for the eavesdropper at the window. Derrick must have stood there a full half-hour, shivering with cold and nervous tension, before, hearing some sounds which seemed to indicate that the party was breaking up, he slipped quickly back into the adjoining chamber. He had barely returned before Lord Grey entered the room holding a letter in his hand.

"You being such a lover of our principles, Mr. Hill," said he (and surely there was a trace of irony in his tone?), "will be eager to return to London with all speed, so I will not seek

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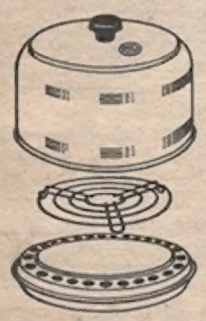

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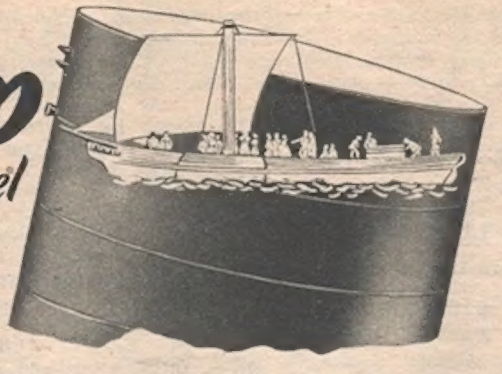
—made by the makers of the famous 'Prestige' Pressure Cookers

Ship in ship's funnel



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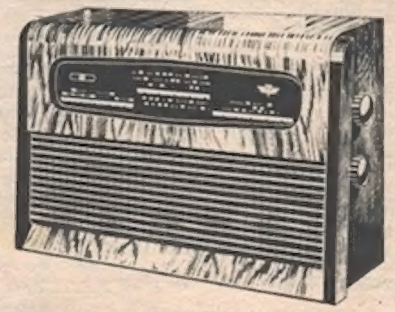

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millions do . . .

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FAMILY HOLIDAYS and a SUNSHINE GUARANTEE!

MOTHERS and fathers dream of happy seaside holidays with the youngsters—but often get no further. So JOHN BULL's thrilling *Bullets* Holiday Programme opens this year with a *family* holiday plan which is both new and practical.

FIRST THRILLING SEASIDE OFFER

£500 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS

Family Seaside Holiday

£50, £25 each plus FAMILY HOLIDAY

Bournemouth, Scarborough, Llandudno, Anywhere-on-Spa—you choose where and when—Cook's arrange hotel accommodation for TWO ADULTS, accompanied (if desired) by your own ONE, TWO or THREE CHILDREN (or grandchildren) aged up to 16. JOHN BULL pays fares and bill for your Family Seaside Holiday and adds a Sunshine Guarantee!

£100 SUNSHINE GUARANTEE

If at the Seaside Resort where you spend your Summer Holiday Week presented by JOHN BULL there are less than 30 hours of sunshine officially recorded during your visit, you become eligible for compensation under the new *Bullets* £100 Sunshine Guarantee. Any other winners who similarly go short of sunshine on a *Bullets* 1952 Seaside Holiday share £100 with you; payment as soon as official sunshine records are available to decide eligible winners.

2,067 OTHER PRIZES

2 of £10, 5 of £8, 5 of £6, 5 of £4

50 of 10s., 2,000 "Good Shots"

FINE FOWL BONUSES

A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 26), and in JOHN BULL dated May 3), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

RIVIERA HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

As winner of this week's £500 for a *Bullet*, or other chief cheque, you will be invited to enjoy a carefree seaside holiday with the kiddies this summer — and even be covered by a novel £100 sunshine guarantee. Comfortable hotel accommodation will be provided where youngsters are welcome, as well as your return rail tickets. This invitation includes husband, wife and up to three children. Grandparents can take grandchildren. A single winner, of course, can invite a companion instead. If that plan meets *your* holiday problem, see you make good use of your coupon below.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Tonic For The World
Thanks To The Youngsters
A Good Life
International Walls
Place In The Sun
Scientist's Dream
Undaunted
Spring-cleaning Fever
Be A White Man And
Stream Of Traffic
Being Difficult
Woman At The Window
Depended On
Not What It Used To Be
Streets Ahead
The Skull And Crossbones
Roughing It
Cracked
On Wheels
With A Sob In His Voice

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

.....Of Communism
Encouraging.....
Her Favourite.....
Nobody.....It, So
Properly.....
Who'd Be.....When

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,828 (or Xword 780) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,823

FIRST PRIZE, £500: Mrs. R. H. Glennie, Halloway, Dunlop, Ayrshire:
BEHIND THAT NEWSPAPER LONELY PATIENT, SCANNING *Visitors*

£50: G. D. Warren, 29 Berristead Close, Wilburton, Ely: WORRYING—ABOUT *Tomorrow*? LUCKY CHAP!

£25: Mrs. K. F. Halliday, 3 Riverdale Gardens, East Twickenham: MODERN SIR GALAHAD—DISTRESSED—DISTRUSTED!

OTHER AWARDS. £10: C. Jones, 42 Gleton Avenue, West Hove, Sussex: DUST AND SMOKE—AND STINKING FARES—RAILWAYS! £9: A. R. Morris, 25 Railway Terrace, Skewen, Neath, Glam: BEHIND THAT NEWSPAPER—IVAN'S READING, *World's* HIDDEN. £8: Mrs. E. M., Davies, Haul Fryn, Bryncethin, Bridgend: FIRST IN THE QUEUE—FOR A HOME—PEACE! £7: Mrs. M. B. Perry, 1236 Pershore Road, Stirchley, Birmingham: BEHIND THAT NEWSPAPER—BEWARE *Another* "WORLD" CRUMBLING! £6: Mrs. S. F. Wood, 2 Brudenell House, Brudenell Road, Bournemouth: TELLING THE WORLD—FRANKLY, ABOUT FRANCE—FRANC. £5: Sgt. H. Kirkwood, Pay Branch, H.Q., B.A.O.R., B.A.O.R. 1: TELLING THE WORLD—HOARDING'S NOT SAVING, FRANCE. £5: J. Martin, Catcastle, Lartington, Barnard Castle, Co. Durham: BEHIND THAT NEWSPAPER—"PROBABLE RUNNERS" FOR "*Eight-thirty*"!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

£500 BONUS: Under the published terms of *Bullets* February Tournament, £500 Bonus has been awarded to Mrs. M. C. Hobson, 31 Chatham Street, Bradford, Manchester, First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,820.

CASH AND FOOD BASKETS FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 780

1. This is a wild type
3. Most gardeners ignore claims of
5. May perhaps suggest a picture of violence, peril and heroism
8. Certain kinds of these won't draw so well if weather is unsuitable
9. The higher it goes, the thinner it grows
11. Sometimes a player had better give up when unremittingly attacked by
13. One commonly expresses discontent
14. You shouldn't find a passage difficult to

Down Clues

2. Insults are most effective when they are
3. The fact that a football team wins may be put down to superior this
4. In many cases one is wound
6. If good match is required, this will have to be chosen with care
7. Some people naturally associate horse with this
10. How water in leaky wells can go into the surrounding soil
12. Is often deeper than most people are inclined to credit

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 JOHNNY-BASKETS

each value £2

Strong but elegant Shopping Baskets, made by blind workers and filled with larder luxuries—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES

—one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 775 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Hedge. 5, Baker. 7, Bottle. 9, Cast. 13, Tame. 14, Tipped. DOWN: 2, Dust. 3, Carts. 4, Dells. 6, Vow. 7, Bat. 8, Tilted. 10, Sheep. 11, Bangs. 12, Mood.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: F. M. Watt, The Rectory, Strichen, Aberdeenshire.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 19 entrants, each of whom receives 5-lb. Roasting Fowl in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....

B. ..... } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX. .....

B. .....

Closing Postmark **1,828** MON., APR. 7

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

FOR MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE OFFER APPLY for this "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated April 19. If requiring single copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

For introductory copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 19 **STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

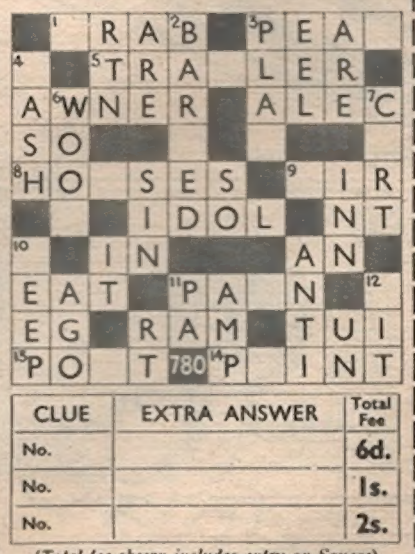
641

£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 19.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **780** Closing Postmark MON., APRIL 7

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

to detain you further. Here is your letter; pray guard it well, for if it miscarried I fear the consequences for you would not be pleasant."

Derrick, ignoring this politely expressed threat, made a great show of tucking the letter into his boot, and, bidding my lord a hasty farewell, went round to fetch his horse. He rode hard for some fifteen miles, thus putting a comparatively safe distance between him and any of Grey's tenants who might report his movements to their lord. Then he knocked up a hedge-inn, obtained a bed of straw in the loft, and, by the aid of one guttering candle, set to work to examine Grey's letter. He found that it was enciphered by the same system as the one he had carried from London, and so, with the key-phrase in his possession, he had no difficulty in breaking the cipher. But his satisfaction at this soon turned to chagrin when he found how disappointingly short, curt and uninformative was my Lord Grey's reply to Wildman.

It is agreed that Ferguson should be recalled, and this may be done through Shephard, who knows his whereabouts in Holland, in a letter under some guise. I cannot answer yet for Sussex, and as for Essex, there are not ten men there I can trust. Arms are not lacking, but most men are lukewarm. The Duke will return to Town. Let me alone to manage him, and do you proceed with preparations for the Lopping Point, for until that's done, we waste our time with the other.

Derrick swore. There was nothing which could not be made to have an innocent explanation if the letter were laid before the authorities and inquiries set on foot; even the recalling of Ferguson, a man wanted by the law, could be passed over, for it was a very common name. Here, again, the word "arms" was risky, but it was not nearly enough for his purposes. But wait, there was a postscript; he began to read it without much hope, but had not gone far before he felt his skin prick with apprehension.

It is advised that you make further inquiries concerning the messenger you sent to me with yours. I believe I have met him, but cannot recall the occasion. It was not, I am assured, in Sussex, as he suggests; I know no Simon Hills in these parts. Trust him no further until you have pried closely into his affairs.

DERRICK leaned back in his chair and stared, frowning, at that postscript. So he had not just imagined that Grey had regarded him with suspicion; my lord must have seen him at Court, and by some cursed accident had remembered the face of a humble Gentleman Usher. But he did not yet remember where he had seen him; that was one comfort. Getting out his pen-knife, Derrick very carefully cut off the postscript from the rest of the letter and burnt it at the candle flame. The remaining half-sheet looked odd, and might arouse suspicion, but he would have to risk that. He copied down what was written on it in case this might prove useful, tucking the original into his boot again. Then he lay down to rest.

But he could not sleep. He was so near getting proof, he thought, tossing from side to side on the straw, and yet so far. He had heard so much, but hearsay was useless. His eavesdropping this evening had rewarded him only with a justification of his previous suspicion that by the "Lopping Point" was meant assassination of the King and that Monmouth, though averse to it, would be bullied or tricked into it by his friends. But suspicion was not evidence, and his own word, unsupported by a second witness, would find no credence with Privy Councillors and judges.

Proof he must gain, proof or a second witness; and quickly, too, before Grey remembered where he had seen him before and had him silenced for ever.

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 21 is of Geoffrey Duke when a boy.

SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

Continued from page 12

most sitters come along for that reason, the question was a safe guess.]

SELF: Yes.

MEDIUM: Someone close to you, it seems?

SELF: Yes.

MEDIUM (glancing at my wedding ring): I seem to get your wife. Is that right?

SELF: Yes.

MEDIUM: Yes, she is here with you now. She is telling me about your work. You've had difficulty in concentrating on it since your loss. You have to concentrate a lot, don't you, on your particular job?

SELF: Yes.

MEDIUM: It's keen brain work, isn't it?

SELF: Yes.

MEDIUM: I see a lot of papers round you. You are concerned with the law, I think?

SELF: No.

MEDIUM: Oh. Oh no, I see, it seems to be accountancy.

SELF: No.

MEDIUM: Oh? But you write all these papers I see around you?

SELF: Yes.

MEDIUM: Oh, yes, I've got it more clearly now. I'm shown that you are an author?

SELF: Yes.

MEDIUM: Yes. I saw you surrounded with papers. I could not for the moment make out what your connection was with them. You have written books?

SELF: Yes.

MEDIUM: And articles?

SELF: Yes, naturally.

It was perfectly obvious that it would have been equally easy for any intelligent sitter there, with no clairvoyant gifts, to have extracted by such a method as much information as the medium had done.

Apart from this experience, however, a review of my first three months' investigations left me with considerable cause for satisfaction. I did not feel that I had wasted my time; indeed, my personal sorrow had been made easier to bear, even though my convictions were still rather uncertain.

Women Were Better Mediums

The sittings had varied from the very ordinary and matter of fact to the melodramatic. I had found that I got poorer results with men than with women mediums, which seemed to suggest either that the women were more gifted than the men in the clairvoyant field, or, if one accepted that my wife was really communicating with me, that she was finding it easier to do so through the women.

A good deal had been told me at séances—sometimes over and over again—which appeared to me to offer proof, at least that the medium had been able to intercept thoughts and experiences known only to myself or to my wife.

Although my scepticism had been considerably shaken by my experiences, and I had received much comfort from them, my doubts still remained, and I knew that they would not be overcome until I had obtained proof of a more objective nature.

Up to the present, all communication with my wife—again accepting the theory that I had actually received messages from her—had been through a third party. She had communicated with the medium, or the medium's spirit guide, and the messages had been passed on to me, mostly about details which tended to prove that it was really my wife who was there. (Spiritualists, I had learned, call these "evidential" facts.)

I now felt that I was ready to go on to the more difficult and perhaps more convincing methods of communication of which I had heard.

Was it possible that my wife herself could talk to me direct by using the voice of a medium? And would it convince me once and for all of her survival? I was soon to find out.

NEXT WEEK: I have "talks" with my wife

PERSIL beats all-comers in Great Wash-day Whiteness Test

9 out of 10 "Spot the Winner!"

COMPETITORS INCLUDE NEWEST WASHING POWDERS

A LITTLE while ago, over 300 housewives went to the May Fair Hotel, London, to be judges in a wash-day Whiteness Test.

The famous Good Housekeeping Institute in London carried out the test. They took 6 new white tea-towels and soiled them all equally — taking care that tea and fruit stains were included. Then the towels were washed. Six famous washing powders were used — both well-tried and new — a different one for each towel. The manufacturer's instructions on the packet were carefully followed in each case.

Then to the May Fair Hotel, where the towels were laid out for inspection.

The judging takes place

The housewives filed past, one at a time, and each was asked to pick out the whitest towel. None of the women knew which washing powders had been used, and the towels were identified by numbers only.

The result? Against the strongest competition possible — 5 other widely advertised washing powders — the Persil-washed towel received 305 out of the 326 votes!

305 OUT OF 326 WOMEN. The great Whiteness Test for washing powders was carried out in London by an impartial authority, the Good Housekeeping Institute. 305 out of 326 women voted the Persil-washed towel the whitest of all!

PER 1238-276

This independent whiteness test proves once again Persil's supremacy over all other washing powders!

Hidden Bubbles do it

The secret lies in Persil's millions of tiny oxygen bubbles! No matter how other washing powders are made, they don't have these unique Persil oxygen bubbles, which shift the dirt out as nothing else can. . . . Persil-washed things are white because they're clean.

Why Persil is best for ALL your wash

Like buttons and bows or frills and flounces, Persil and whiteness go together.

MISS JOYCE RUTHERFORD, of the Good Housekeeping Institute, who personally supervised the washing of the towels, and also refereed the Whiteness Test at the May Fair Hotel

Perhaps that's why some people don't realize what a wonderful job Persil can do with ALL your wash — not only the whites.

Gentle Persil suds *ease* out the dirt . . . make your coloureds *brighter, fresher* . . . your woollens *softer*.

Yes, Persil is kind to ALL your wash— and to your hands! You can *feel* it is!

PERSIL washes whiter!

AND THAT MEANS CLEANER!

Van Heusen

. . . the 'quality' shirt that proves what good materials, sound sewmanship and long life mean in terms of economy.

FALSE TEETH

but who could tell?

You can laugh, talk and enjoy your meals free from embarrassment if you sprinkle your plate in the morning with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It forms a soft cushion which holds your plate firm and secure, and gives "all day" confidence.

Dr. Wernet's Powder

Get a tin of Dr. Wernet's Powder from your chemist today. 60,000 dentists recommend it the world over.

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If seven men

. . . at seven jobs

Stopped when the whistle blew,

What would they hurry off to, but

The drink that's Good for You?

And that's why after working, ours

Is always Guinness too.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.1810.L